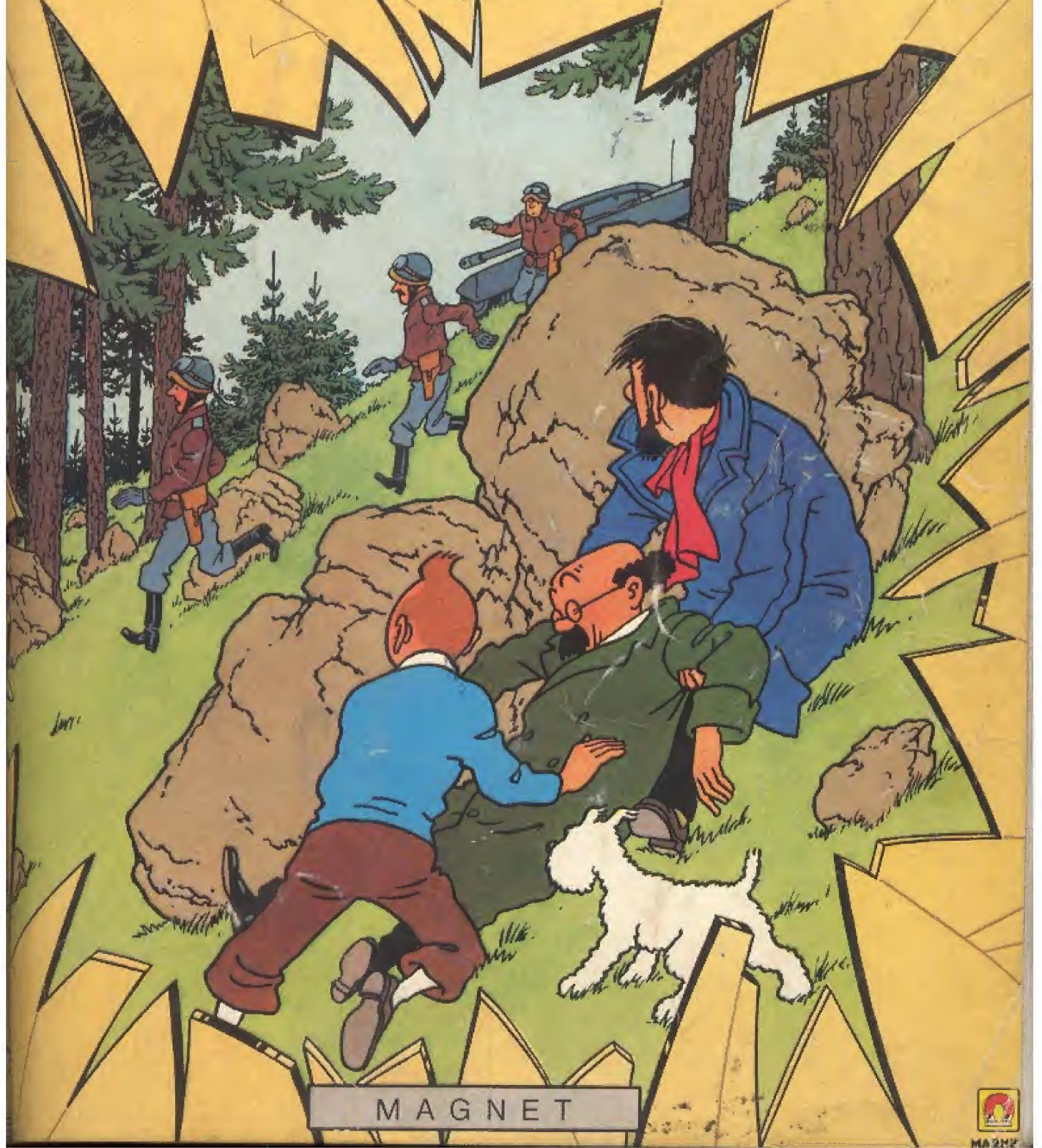


HERGÉ  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
TINTIN

# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



MAGNET





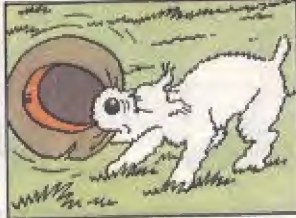
# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR





So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.







Well, we're home again... and none too soon, either!

**RRRIING**

The telephone, Nestor.



Hello?... No Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... No, Madam... NO, Madam! ...Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!



...That's at least the twentieth time...



Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.



That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.



Blistering barnacles! That flash of lightning wasn't far away. In fact, I...



The funny thing is, that happened AFTER the clap of thunder.



Hello?... What?... Lamb chops?... No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!









What shall I do, sir? Shall I ... Shall I open it?

Yes, Nestor.



Ah! At last!

Hey! You there... Who d'you think you are?



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That's a fine way to introduce yourself. And what d'you want here, anyway?

That's a long story, old boy...

Ah, the lights!



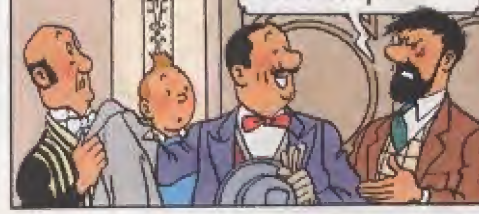
Yes, quite a story... I was driving along when, crack!... my wind-screen shattered, and all the other windows as well. In that down-pour too! So I said to myself: "Jolyon" (that's my name), Jolyon Wagg, of the Rock Bottom Insurance...

How nice!...



"Jolyon", I said to myself, "what are you going to do now?"... Then I saw your house. "I'll shelter there", I said... Here, take my coat, old chap.

You'd better stay here till the rain stops.



Nice little place you've got here. Must say I prefer something more modern, but still...



Oho! had a tiff with the wife, eh?

I... It was probably the lightning.



Lightning?... Ha! ha! ha! And I'll bet you weren't insured, eh, you old rascal? Well what a bit of luck that Jolyon Wagg dropped in: he'll soon fix you up with a neat little policy.

How kind.



Is that whisky you're drinking? You can pour one for me while you're about it. Not that I like the stuff: I'm just thirsty, that's all.



Not bad armchairs, these. I don't stand on ceremony, you know. A bit of a clown, that's me. Never a dull moment with me around, you bet!



I take after my Uncle Anatole; he was a barber, you know. Oh, you should have met him! A proper caution, he was. Always telling stories, make you die of laughing... Like this one... There were two men in a railway carriage, see...

Cheers!







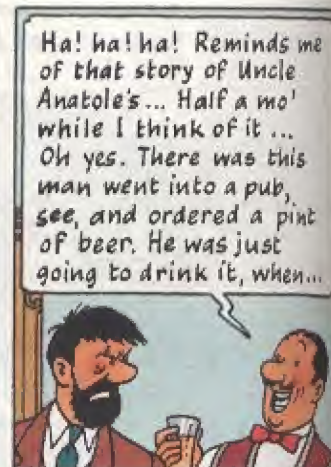
Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! that's fun!



You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up! Your face was a scream!



Ha! ha! ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it... Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...



CLING



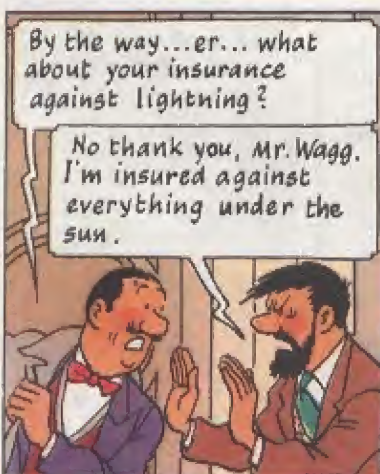
Blow me! Did... did you see that? ...Just like yours! ... I don't get it!

I think it's fun!

I...er...think the storm has passed. I must be on my way.



I've wasted quite enough time here, anyway. Goodbye!



By the way...er... what about your insurance against lightning?

No thank you, Mr. Wagg. I'm insured against everything under the sun.



Yes, everything. My life's insured against accident; against hailstones, rain, floods, tidal waves and tornadoes; against cholera, 'flu, and colds in the head; moths, weevils and grasshoppers... The whole lot! In fact, sir, the only things I'm not insured against are insurance agents!



You old humbug, you! Well, that's all settled. I'll send you a policy... No, better still, I'll bring it myself. That'll give us a chance to have another chinwag together.



'Bye for now!

SLAM



He can go to the devil—him, and his insurance, and his Uncle Anatole!



Calm down, Captain. Shouldn't we try to solve the mystery of all this broken glass?

You're right. But still, I...



BANG

BANG

BANG

Listen! Shots!



They came from outside.



There's someone coming ...Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.



Did you hear those shots?

No, it's over now. The rain has stopped.

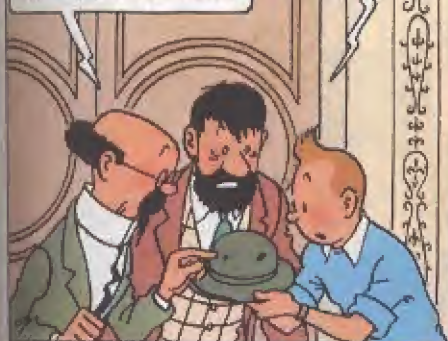


Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...



Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!

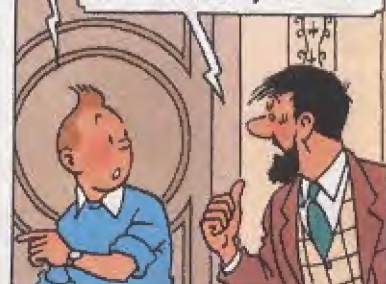


I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.



Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.



Calculus certainly came along this path...



Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.



Oh! Look there!

Wooah!



Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...

No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...



We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.



Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!



Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?









Blistering barnacles! Come out of there, or I'll shoot!



Mercy! Have pity! Please don't kill me! I wouldn't harm a fly... I'm just a simple fellow...



Blistering barnacles, you don't have to tell me that! Just explain what you're doing down there!

Me?... [... I was hiding.



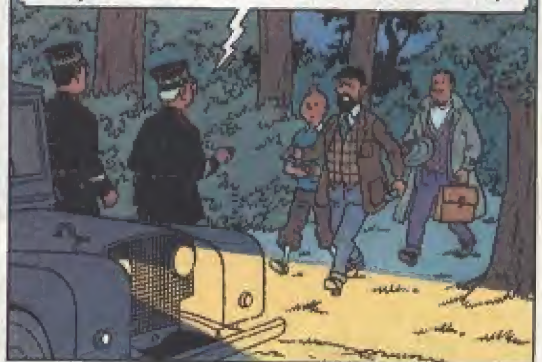
Somebody tried to murder me! I was walking towards my car... then suddenly: Bang! Bang!... So I said to myself, I said, 'Jolyon, someone's trying to kill you...'



Wait... I can hear a car. It must be the police.



Are you the one who telephoned?... Good. The doctor and the ambulance are just behind us. Where is the casualty?



Here I am, Mr. Inspector... Jolyon Wagg... That's me...

You've been shot?

Me? No.



But didn't you report that you'd found a wounded man?

Well, we did, but now he's vanished.



Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

But I am, Mr. Inspector; I'm the victim of an attack; I was shot at. So I said to myself, 'Jolyon,' I said...



They weren't firing at him, sergeant, but the shots must have whistled past him. In fact one went through Calculus's hat.

And who, pray, is Calculus?



Calculus? He's a friend of mine. He came back to the hole with a house in his hat... No, I mean... Anyway, Tintin told me...

And who is Tintin?



Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...



Hey, now where's he gone?



Go on, Snowy! Seek it out!



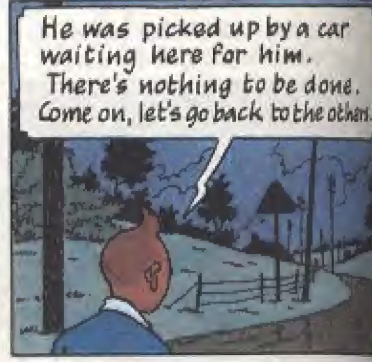




The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.



You've lost the scent, eh Snowy? I can guess why.



He was picked up by a car waiting here for him. There's nothing to be done. Come on, let's go back to the other.



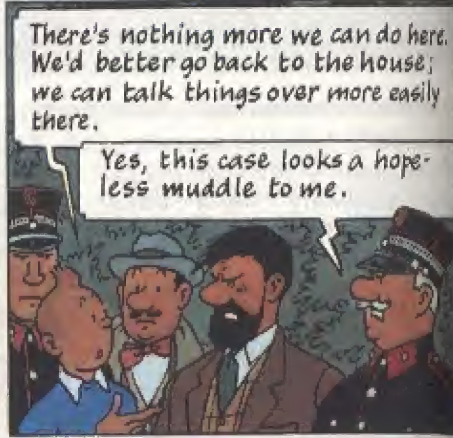
... You mean the glass just broke by itself?

By itself, yes sergeant! And then...



Where have you sprung from?

Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere.

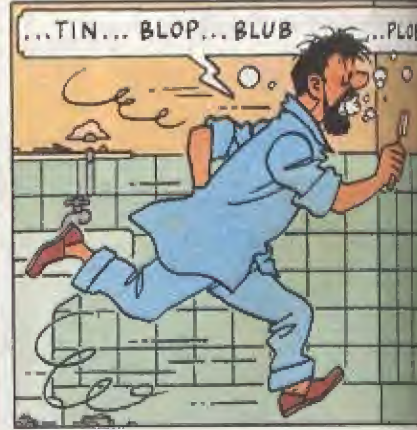
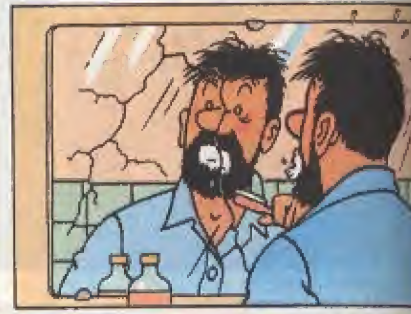


There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house; we can talk things over more easily there.

Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.

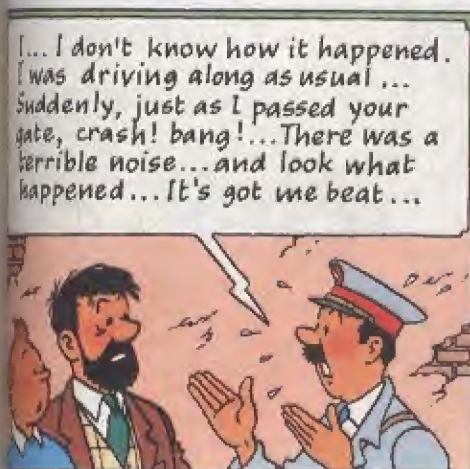


Next morning...

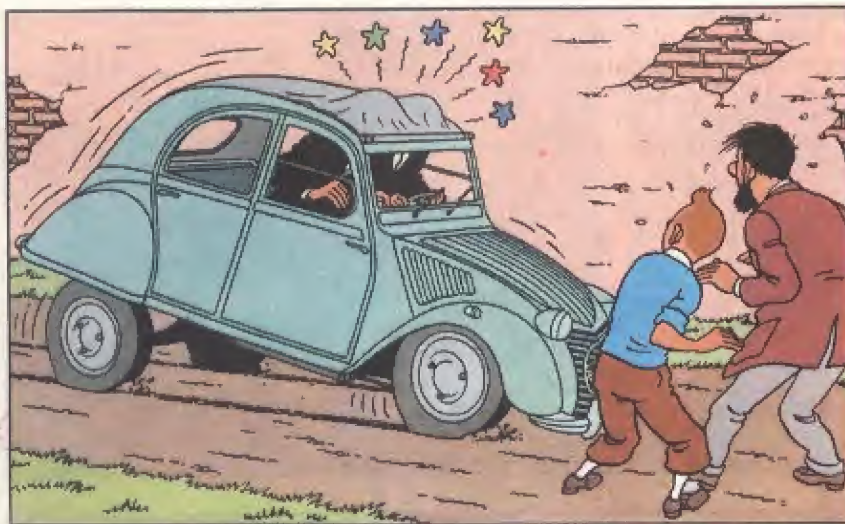


...TIN... BLOP... BLUB ...PLOB









Road-hog!... Steam-roller!... Bully!...  
Dipsomaniac!... Nitwit!



Thomson and Thompson !!



Yes, it's us. Hello... The local police have told us all about that business last night. So we're here to investigate.

To be precise: we're here

At the right moment, too!

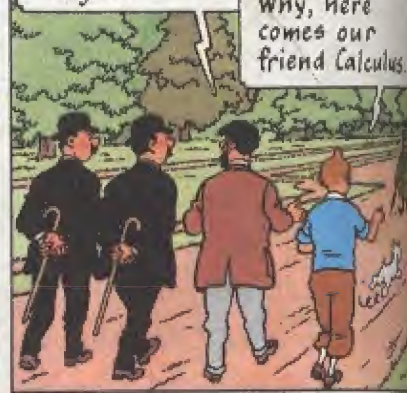


Just take a look here. This good fellow was driving quietly along past the front of the house when, CRACK... You see what happened?... What do you make of it?



The whole thing began last night...

Why, here comes our friend Calculus.



Hello, Cuthbert. Are you going away?

No, no. I'm just going away.



I'm flying to Geneva, where I'm taking part in a congress on nuclear physics.

To Geneva?... But you never mentioned it to me before.



No, not for very long: only two or three days. I must go now; I've just got time to catch the 11:42 train. Goodbye.



Well, that's one person who's quite unconcerned by all this business.

Yes, but somehow he seems rather more preoccupied than usual.



Look out! Here he comes! Get the chloroform ready.







Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!



No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?



It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?



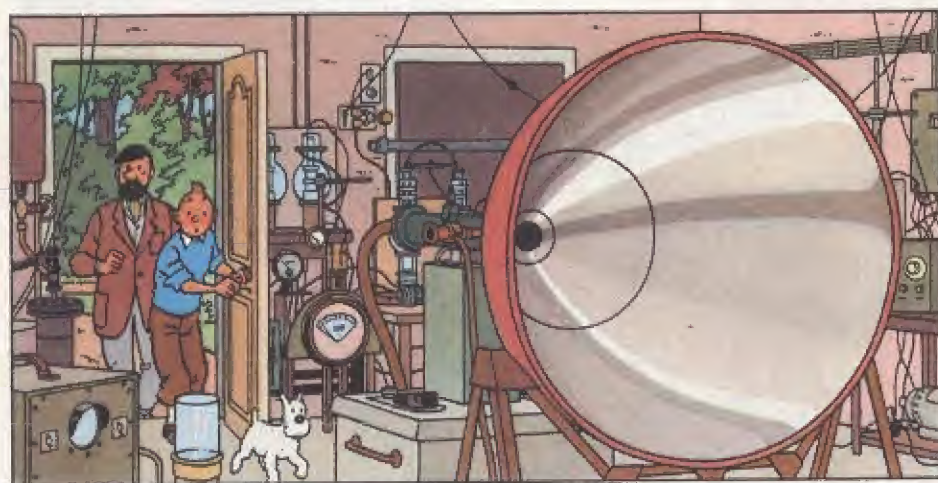
Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.



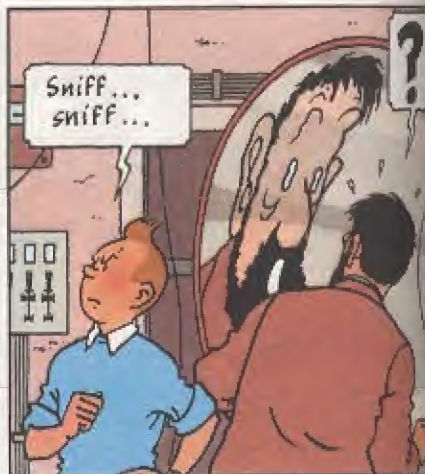
In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



Sniff... sniff...



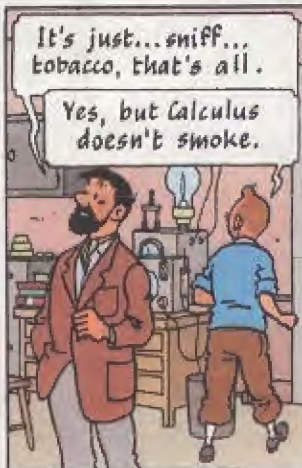
I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

Sniff... Sniff...



It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

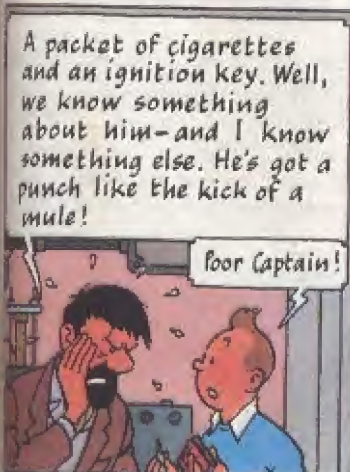
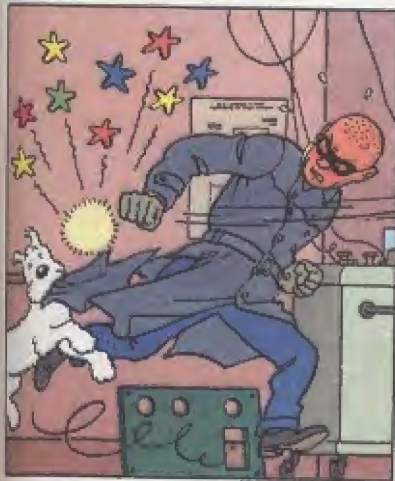
Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.



Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!











Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Fooled you properly that time, didn't I, my hearties?



I... You... Billions of blue blistering barnacles! ... I'll...

Ha! ha!... "Hands Up!"... the old gag never fails!



Now then, this'll cheer you up: I've brought your insurance proposal.



I say Captain, look what's written here in pencil, on this cigarette packet.

What is it?



By thunder, that's the hotel in Geneva where Cuthbert usually stays.

Exactly.



Captain, something tells me the Professor's in danger there in Geneva. I'm going over to join him.

Cursh it! Whereshat paper got itself to?



And I suppose you think I'll let you go alone. Nonsense! I'm coming with you!

Right.

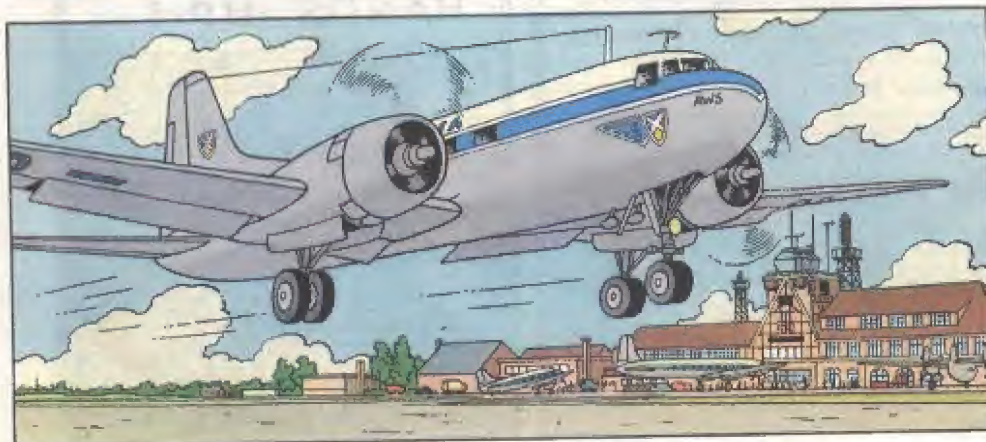
Here it ish!



Come on! To Geneva!



And the same day...



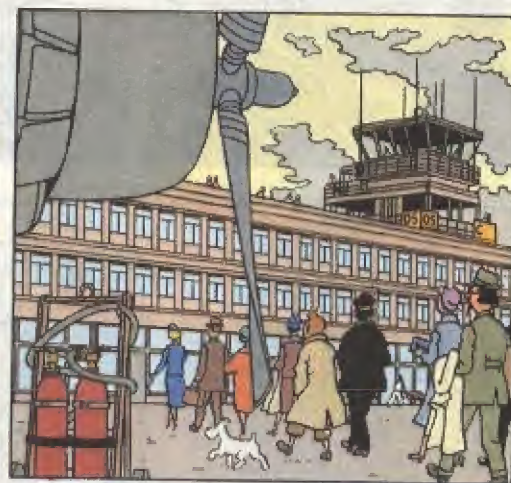
Hello... Hotel Cornavin? ... Herr Szhrinkoff, please... Thank you... Hello, Stefan?... Yes, it's me ...Look, you'd better get a move on. His friends have just left by air for Geneva.



3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin Station...



Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they'll get angry, there'll be a fight... All to gain time...



Bah! Foiled! A gendarme...

Ah, there's a gendarme. We'll ask him.



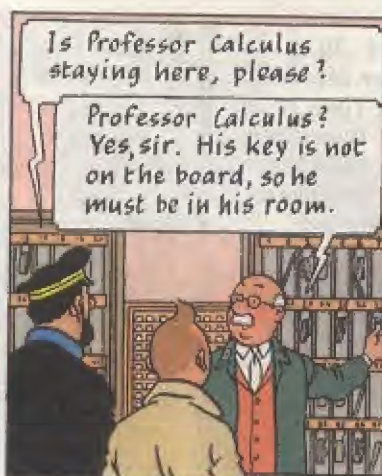
Hotel Cornavin? You'll find it just across the road.

Thank you.



Is Professor Calculus staying here, please?

Professor Calculus? Yes, sir. His key is not on the board, so he must be in his room.



Phew, what a relief! Please tell him Captain Haddock and Tintin are here.

Certainly, sir.



What's up?







It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?



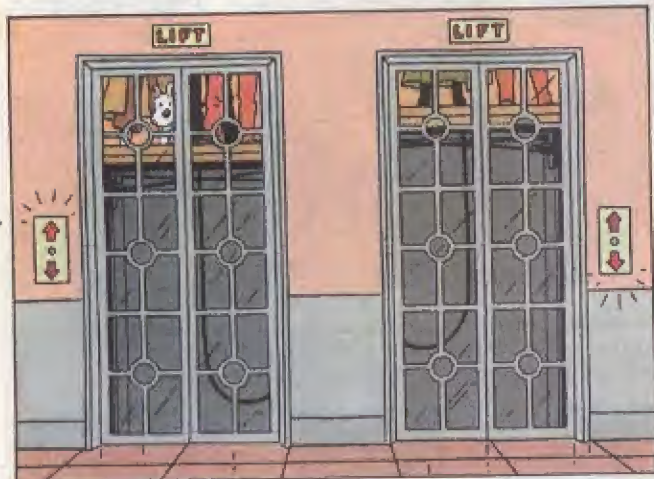
Number 122, Fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.



Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.



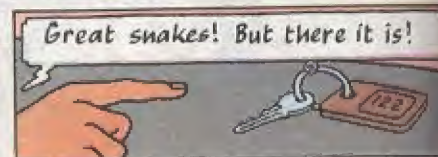
Blistering barnacles, I know he's deaf... but all the same...



Supposing he's not in his room; supposing something's happened to him...



Not in his room, sir? Then his key should be here.

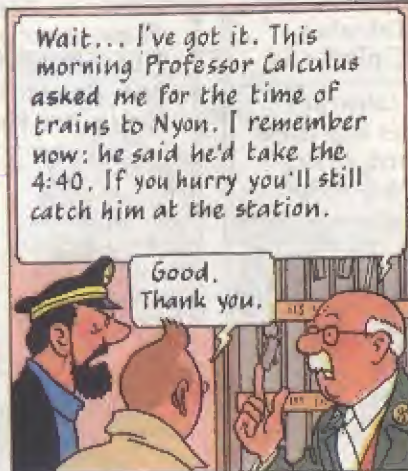


Great snakes! But there it is!



You're right... He must have gone out while my back was turned... I'm terribly sorry, sir.

You don't know where he might have gone?



Wait... I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now: he said he'd take the 4:40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

Good. Thank you.



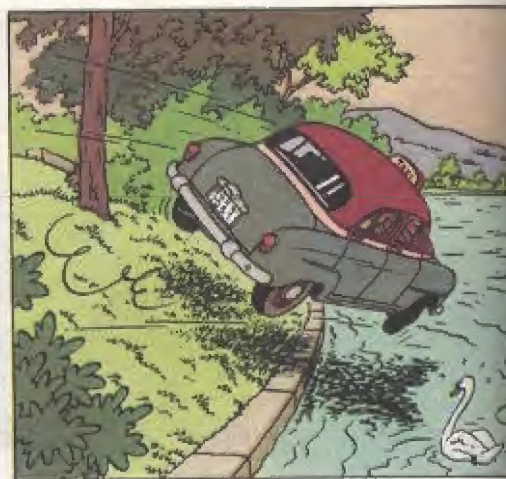
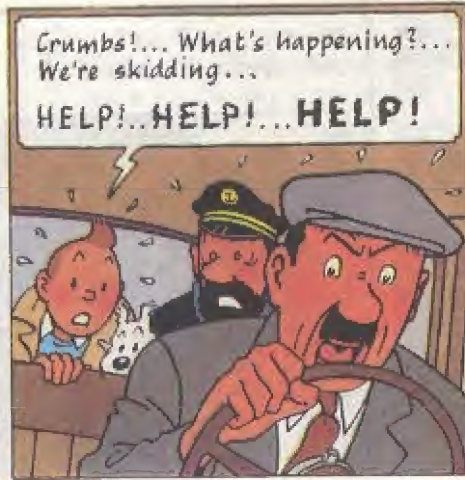
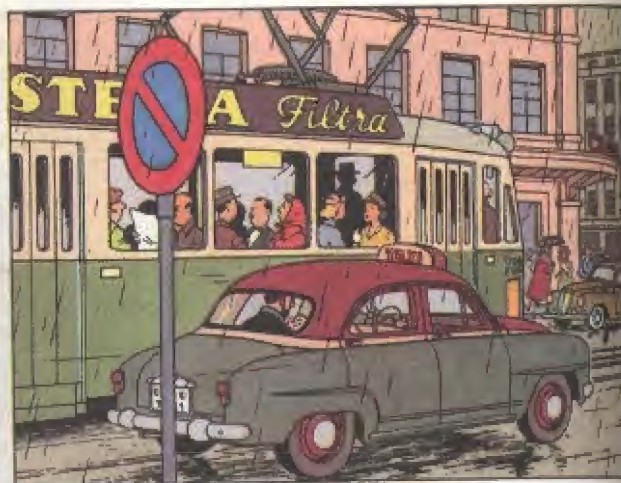
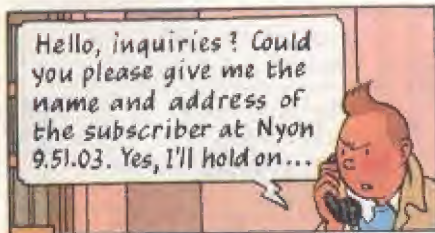
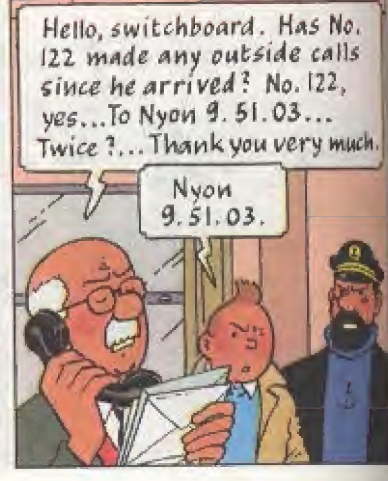
Look out! Here they come.

We have exactly seven minutes.

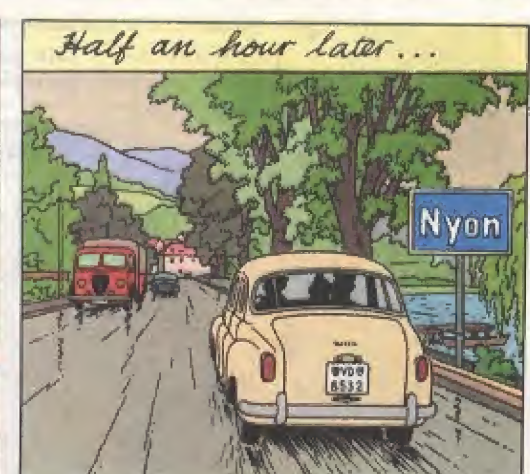
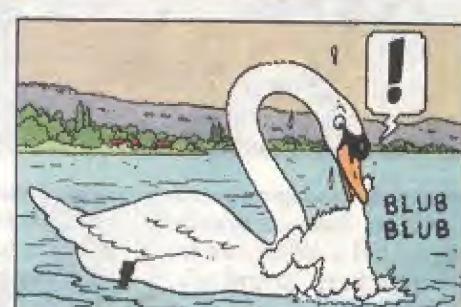
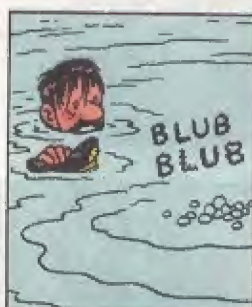
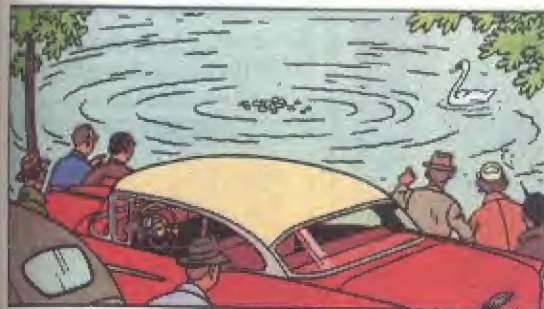




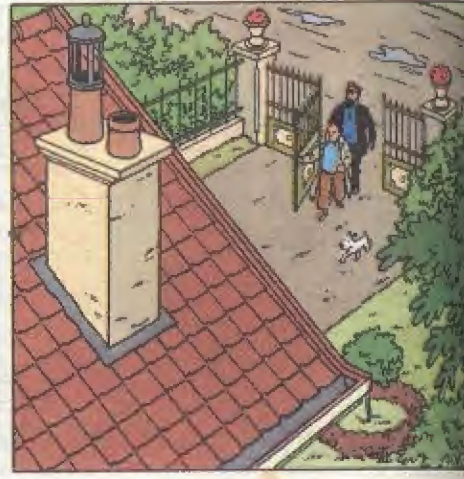
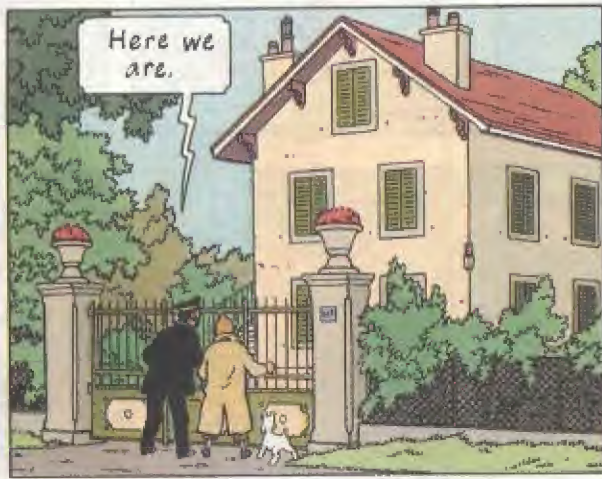
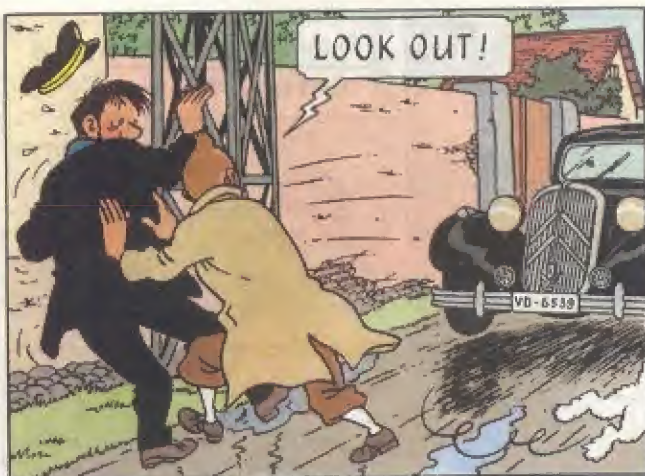














Come in quickly!...  
The back door was  
open; I got in that way.



Ssh!...  
Listen...



Not a sound  
now...

WOOAH!  
WOOAH!



Calculus's umbrella!  
... Well done, Snowy!  
This absolutely proves  
it; he certainly  
came here.



Let's hope we're not  
too late. Perhaps  
he's still about...



Not a soul... But  
what's that on  
the table?



A bottle and two glasses.  
Someone was expecting us.



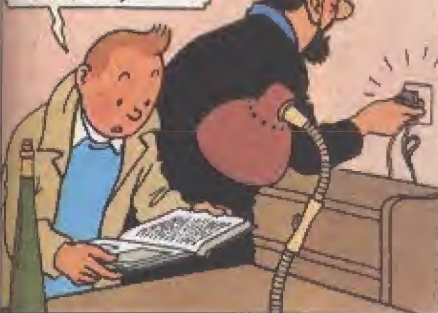
Crumbs! Just look at  
this book!

Wait a moment  
while I fix the  
light; it's as dark  
as a dungeon in  
here with the shut-  
ters closed.



There, now we can see properly.

I say, Captain,  
this is extra-  
ordinary!



THE SUMMARY OF MORE IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT WORK

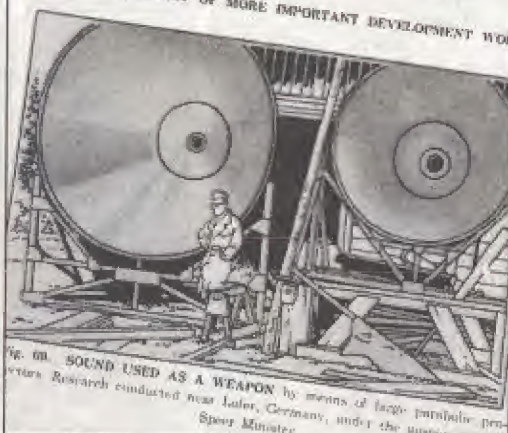


Fig. 60. SOUND USED AS A WEAPON by means of large parabolic pro-  
jectors. Research conducted near Lulea, Germany, under the auspices of the  
Spies Ministry.

Look!... That's the same as the  
queer machine we found in  
Calculus's laboratory.

What is that  
book, anyway?



German  
Research  
in  
World War II

Leslie E. Simon



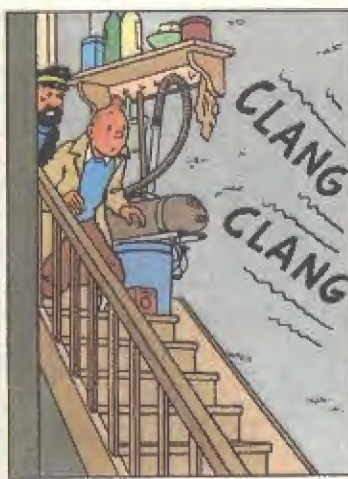
It's by an American scientist:  
"German Research in World  
War II." ...Captain, this is a  
stroke of luck.



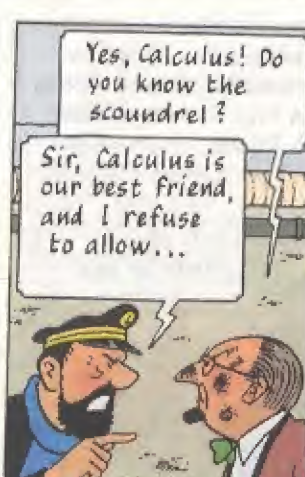
Ha! ha! ha! In fact, you've  
put your head right into  
the lion's mouth...















Who is Boris?

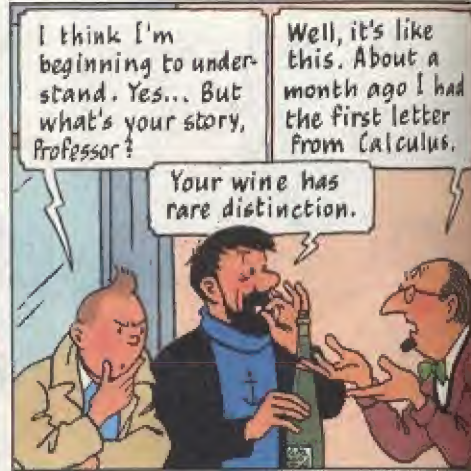
Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only those cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.



From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

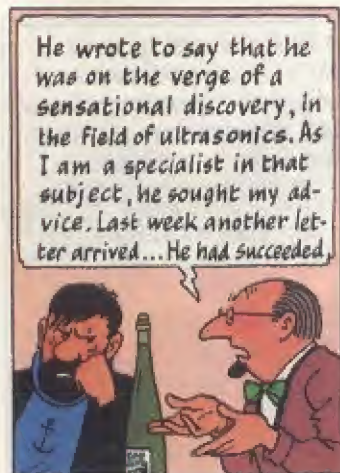
Oho! It's '53!



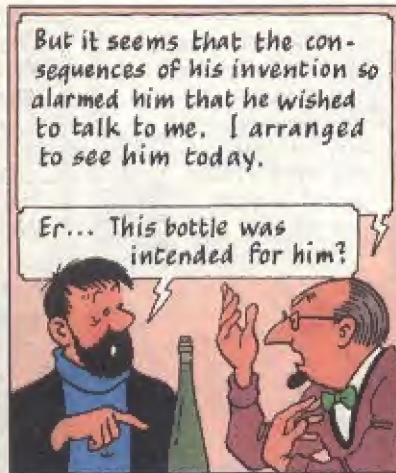
I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Well, it's like this. About a month ago I had the first letter from Calculus.

Your wine has rare distinction.



He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived... He had succeeded.

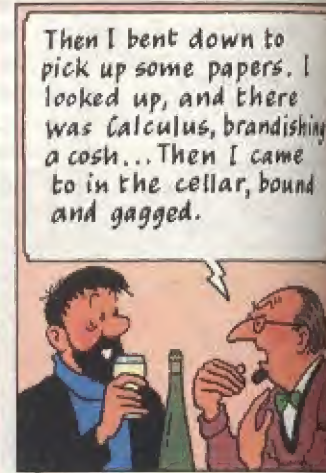


But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.

Er... This bottle was intended for him?



Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. ... This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat.



Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a cosh... Then I came to in the cellar, bound and gagged.



I've got it!

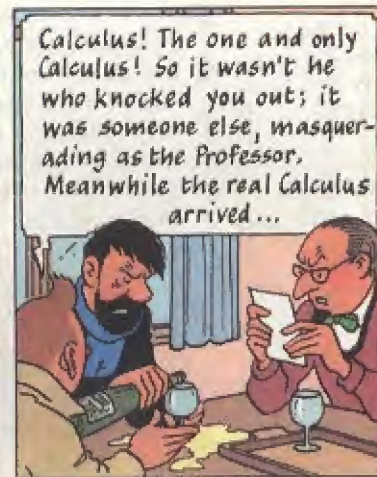


Oh, sorry!...  
Not at all!



Do you know this man?

Never seen him. Who is he?

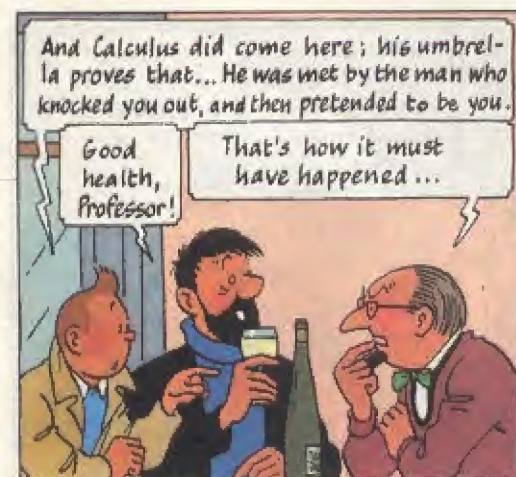


Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived...



You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

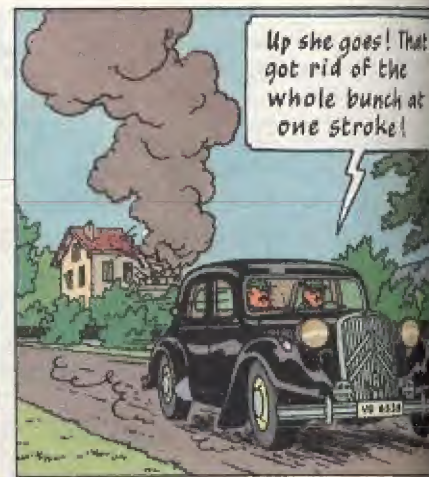
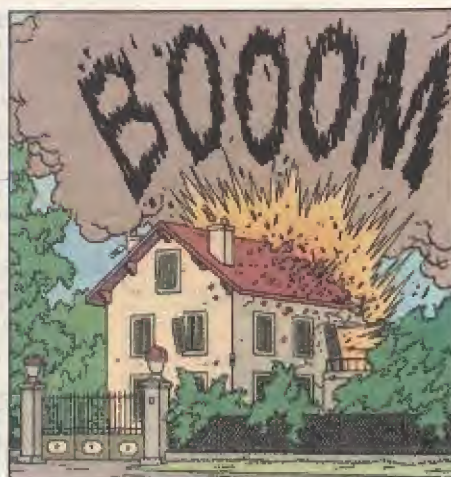
Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go...



And Calculus did come here; his umbrella proves that... He was met by the man who knocked you out, and then pretended to be you.

Good health, Professor!

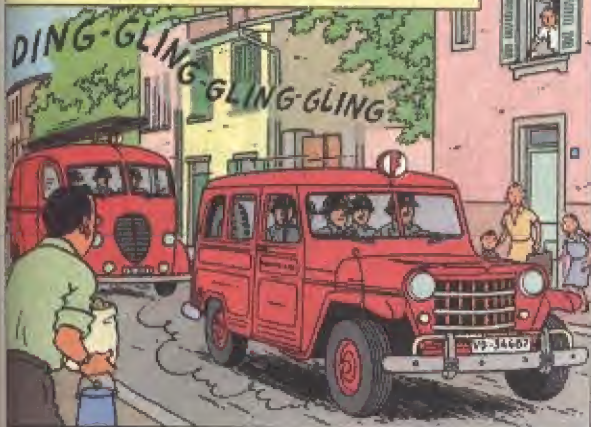
That's how it must have happened...



Up she goes! That's got rid of the whole bunch at one stroke!



A few minutes later ...



*Next morning...*

Topolino were taken from the wreckage. Fragments of a bomb were found in the debris and foul play is suspected. The police have detained two men found loitering in the vicinity of the crime, questioning passers-by. These two men will appear before the examining magistrate this morning.

Meanwhile speculation is rife as to the motive behind this attack, and every effort is being made to discover why Professor Topolino's house should

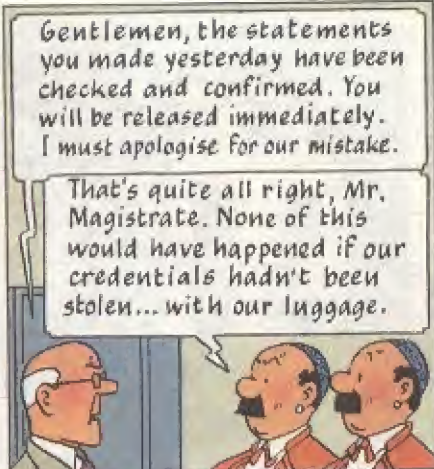






In you go!

Here we are!



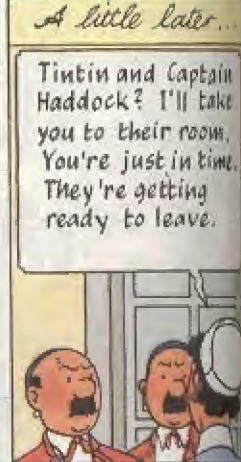
Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake.

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage.



We're in Swiss disguise while we're searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them.

You'll find them in the hospital, quite near here.



A little later...

Tintin and Captain Haddock? I'll take you to their room. You're just in time. They're getting ready to leave.

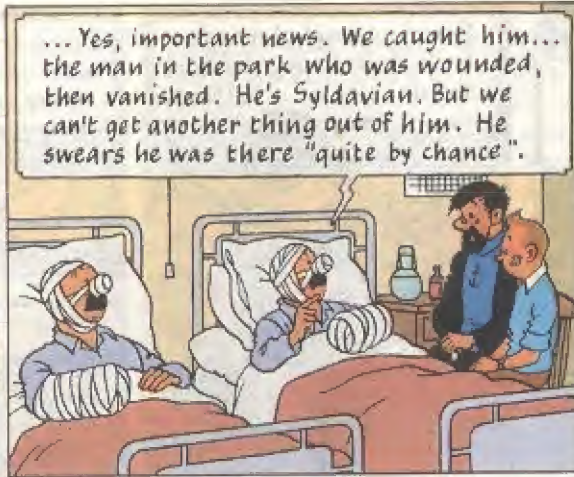


I say, how clean these hospitals are. Just look at the shine on the floors!



ZIIIIIP

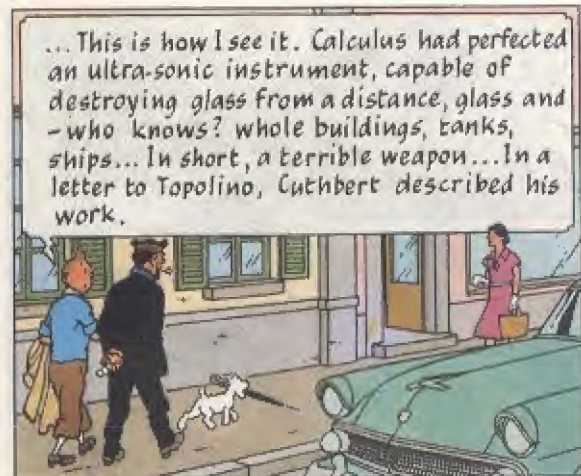
?



... Yes, important news. We caught him... the man in the park who was wounded, then vanished. He's Syldavian. But we can't get another thing out of him. He swears he was there "quite by chance".



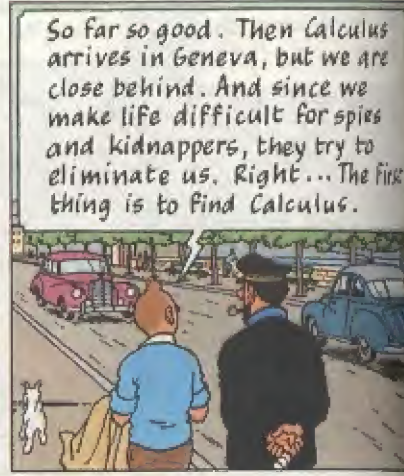
Quite by chance... I'll bet he was. Thanks all the same. I'm terribly sorry you slipped up... We must be off to the police station. Goodbye for now.



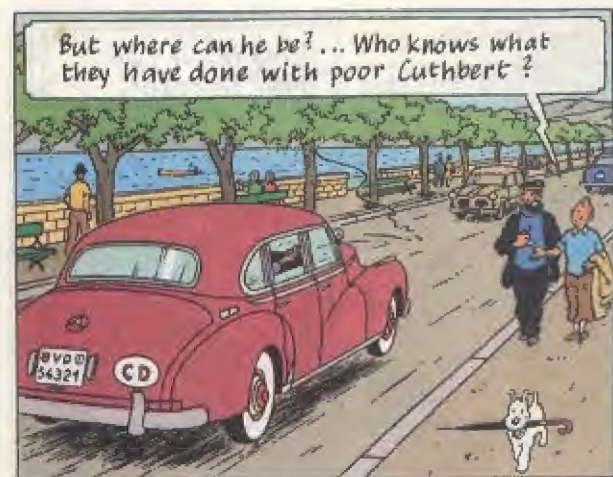
... This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of destroying glass from a distance, glass and - who knows? whole buildings, tanks, ships... In short, a terrible weapon... In a letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his work.



This letter was discovered by Topolino's servant, a Bordurian called Boris, who tipped off his country's secret service. But the Syldavian espionage got wind of the invention too, and sent an agent to Marlinspike. He stumbled upon his Bordurian rival, who shot him.



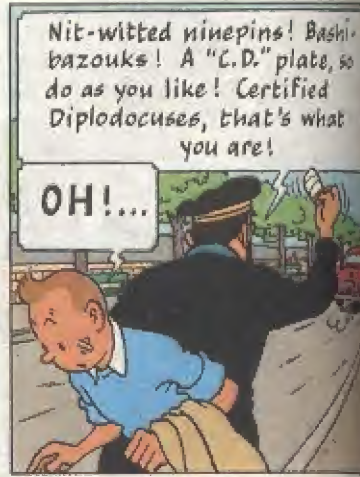
So far so good. Then Calculus arrives in Geneva, but we are close behind. And since we make life difficult for spies and kidnappers, they try to eliminate us. Right... The first thing is to find Calculus.



But where can he be? ... Who knows what they have done with poor Cuthbert?



Blue blistering barnacles!... A lighted cigarette! The fat-headed fire-raisers!



Nit-witted ninepins! Bashibazouks! A "C.D." plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodocuses, that's what you are!

OH!...



Look at this cigarette, Captain. The same brand... once again!

Thundering typhoons, you're right.



... It was a C.D. car... Diplomatic Corps. That means from an embassy, and most probably the Bordurian Embassy... We must find out where that is. A post office directory will tell us. We'd better go back to Nyon.



There... Bordurian Embassy, "Les Cygnes", Rolle.

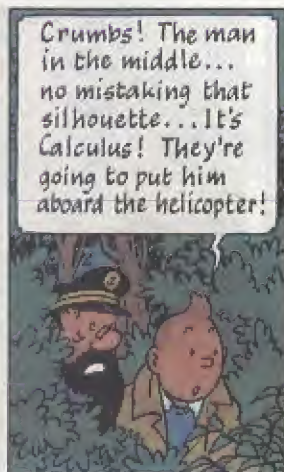
Rolle... That's a few miles from Nyon.



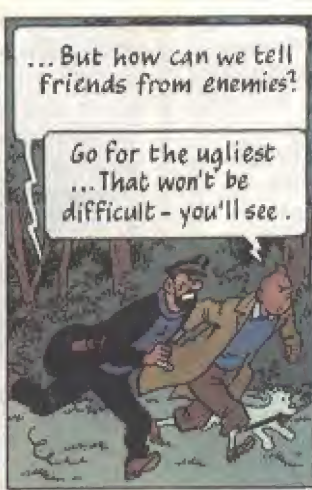
Well then, this afternoon we'll reconnoitre. We'll go out to Rolle and spy out the land; and tonight, Captain, we'll go into action!



That night...









Gangsters!... Anacoluthons!  
... Bashi-bazouks!



We'd better not hang  
around here, Captain; the  
others will be back.



We must get under  
cover, quickly.



There they are. Let's  
get back to the lawn.



By the whiskers of Kūrvi-Tasch!  
Those accursed Syldavians have  
got away with the Professor!



Only one thing to do:  
go after them in  
the helicopter...

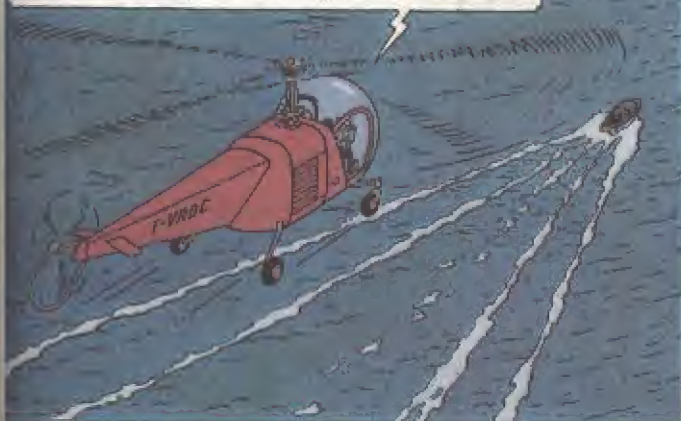
Good idea!



We're overhauling them fast.  
You can see their wake  
clearly.



It's them all right, heading towards France!



Blistering barnacles!  
Another mosquito, in-  
side this goldfish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of  
Ottokar! Their heli-  
copter's on our tail!



OH! You monster!  
Just you wait...  
Where's my spray-gun?



PSCHH



HUKKH  
HUKKH



HUKKH-HUKKH-HUKKH

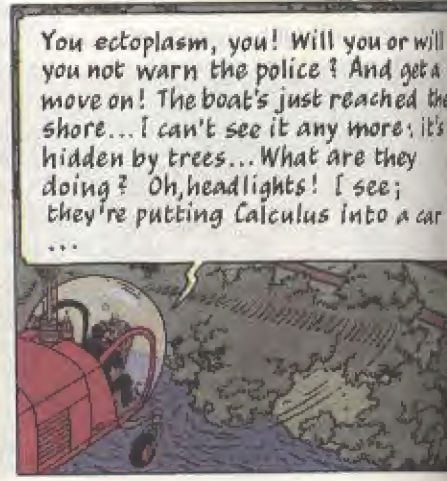
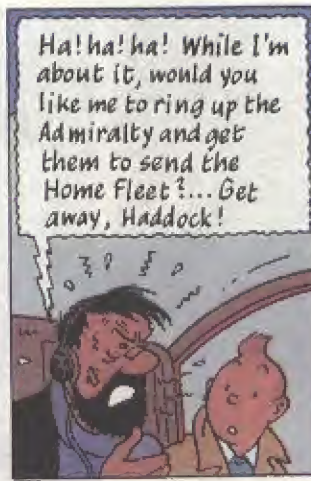
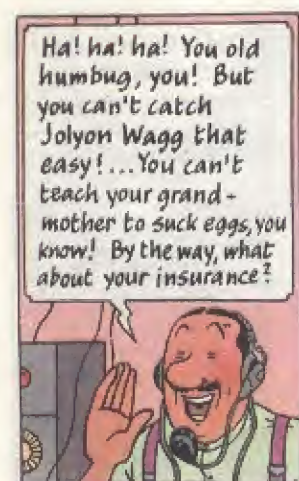
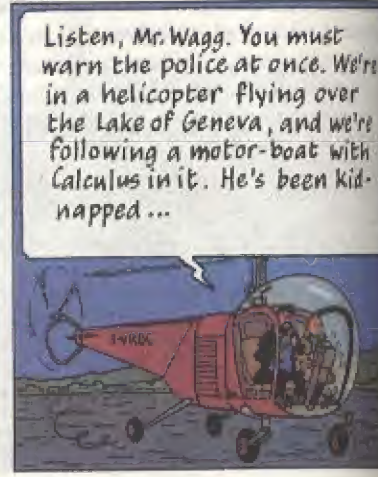
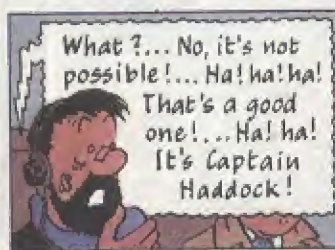
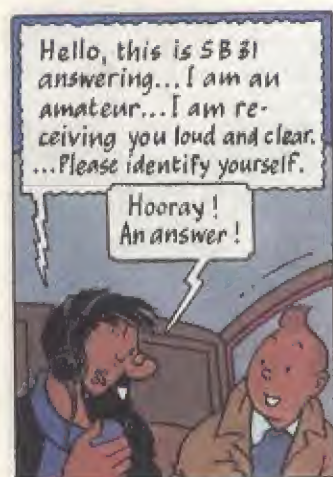
Go on Vladimir,  
they're within range.



RATATATAT











A pylon!  
Power  
cables!



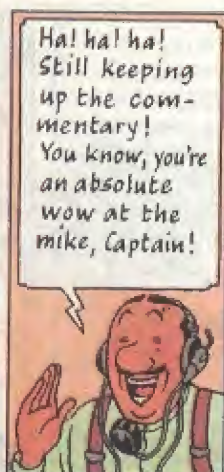
We just missed  
them. But  
blistering  
barnacles, we're  
out of control!



Whew! We're safe!



I think we must have trimmed  
the treetops.



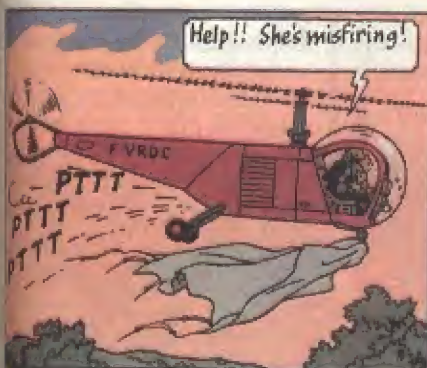
Ha! ha! ha!  
Still keeping  
up the com-  
mentary!  
You know, you're  
an absolute  
wow at the  
mike, Captain!



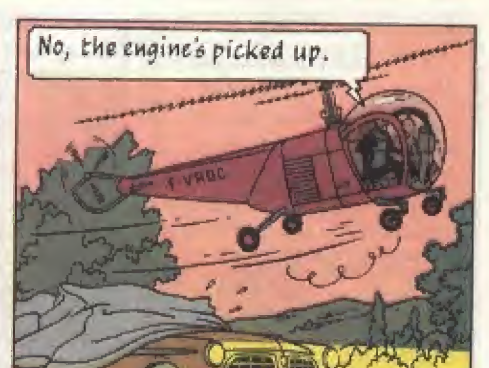
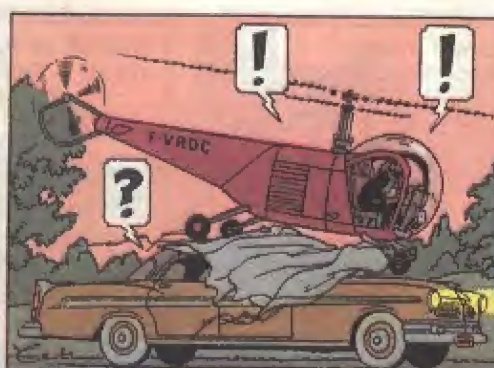
You prize purple  
jellyfish, you!  
Must I kill my-  
self drumming it  
into your thick  
skull? This is no  
joke!... Now listen  
to me, Wagg...



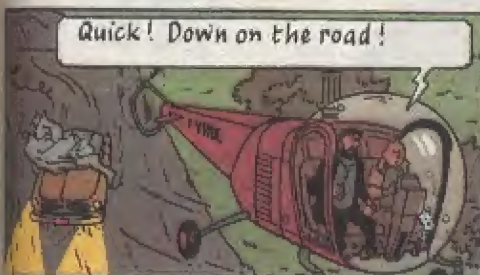
Don't bother, Captain; it's  
too late anyway. Look: the  
petrol gauge is down to zero.  
A bullet must have holed  
the tank. The only thing we  
can do is to land on the  
road in front of the car and  
force it to stop.



Help!! She's misfiring!



No, the engine's picked up.



Quick! Down on the road!

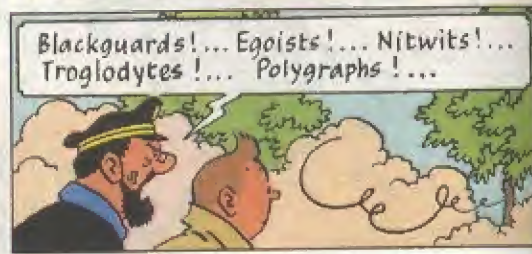
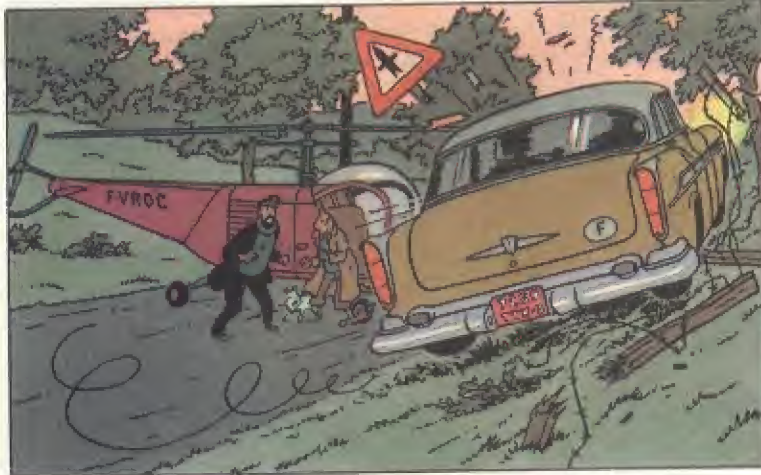


That's it!



There they are!  
BUT... ?!









Quick! Into the wood...



Hurry!... Get down: like me.



Why in that particular puddle?



I say, Captain, what are you doing?

Blistering barnacles, get down! They'll start shooting any moment! Didn't you recognise the black Citroën?

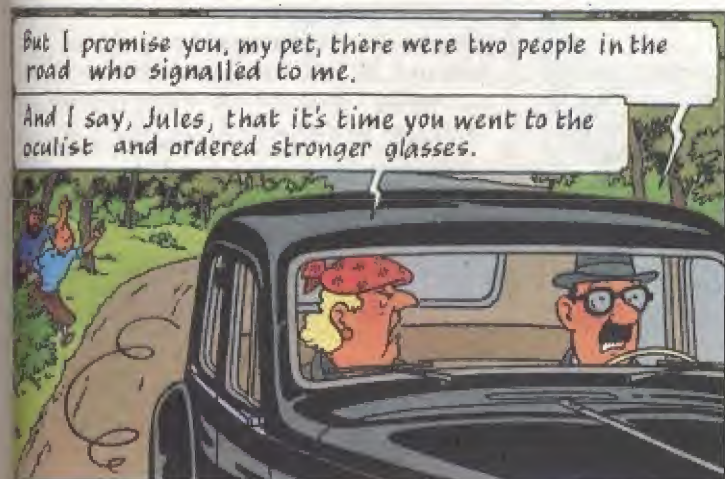


The black Citroën?... No, Captain, you've got it wrong. It was black all right, but it had a French number plate; the other one was Swiss.

Are...are you quite sure?



Absolutely certain. Come on, perhaps they're still there.



But I promise you, my pet, there were two people in the road who signalled to me.

And I say, Jules, that it's time you went to the oculist and ordered stronger glasses.

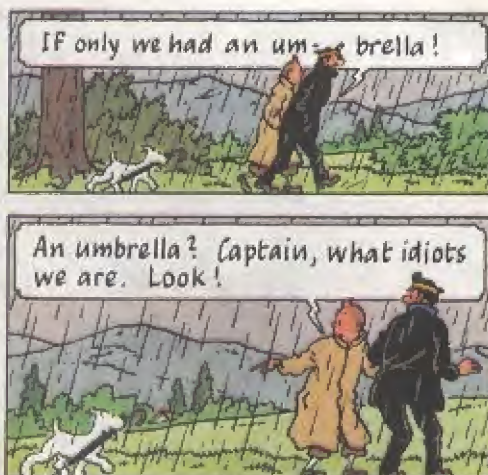


And on top of it all, you're soaked...

Oh, the sun will soon dry me off.



Hmm! I wouldn't count on it.



If only we had an umbrella!

An umbrella? Captain, what idiots we are. Look!



?





...Yes, and meanwhile poor Calculus is being whisked further and further away!



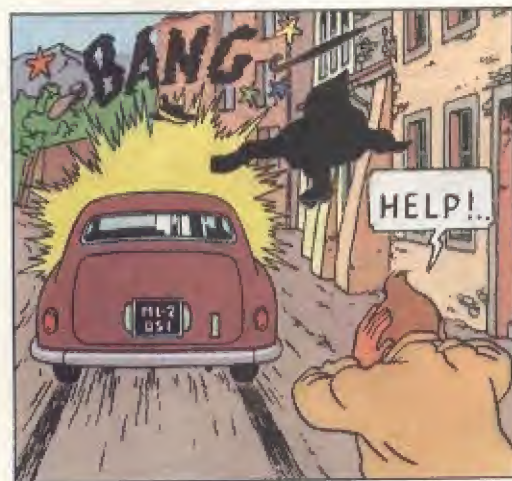
At last! There's a tobacconist. I'm going to buy an ounce or two.



You go on. I won't be a minute.



tsill!



BANG!

HELP!



Oh goodness! How awful! Poor Captain! What a ghastly thing to happen!



Bandit!... Anthropophagus!... Steam-roller!... Highwayman!... Travelling at that speed! I suppose you want to break the sound-barrier? You thundering misguided missile, you!



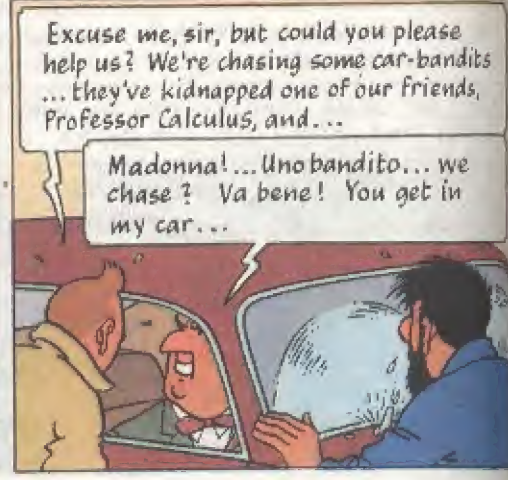
Bashi-bazouk! ... Ectoplasm!

Mamma mia! It was you! ... Basta! ... And now why you spitta all over my window?



Presto! Window-wash!

Eccolà!



Excuse me, sir, but could you please help us? We're chasing some car-bandits ... they've kidnapped one of our friends, Professor Calculus, and...

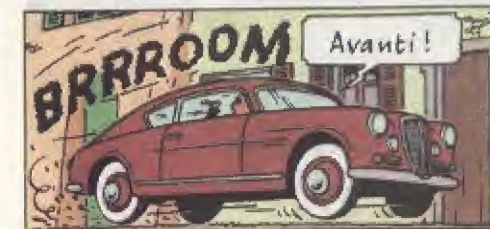
Madonna! ... Uno bandito ... we chase? Va bene! You get in my car...



You in good?

O.K.

SLAM!



BRRROOM

Avanti!



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Must you do that? Can't you start off like other people?

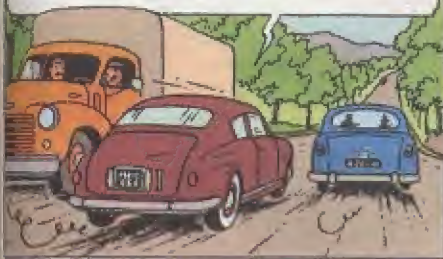
Scusi!



I show you... Italian car, Italian driver, the best in the world, no? Avanti! Prestissimo! We catcha him, il povero Professore!



Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



Hitch-hikers! Blistering barnacles, there ought to be a law against them!

As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?



Mamma mia!... Whatta is happening? This noise is peculiare. Diavolo! I think now: uno pistone?... Una valvola?

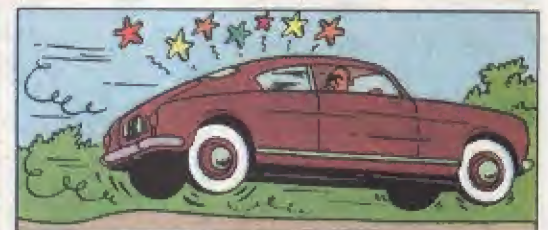


It...it...it's nothing. ... It...it...it's my... my t-t-teeth...ch-ch-ch-ch-chattering...

Old! You think I drive troppo presto?



Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...



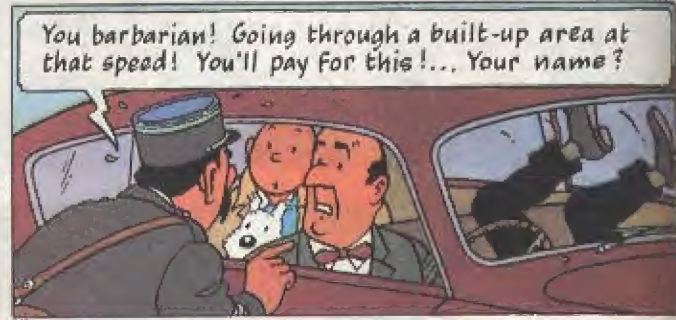
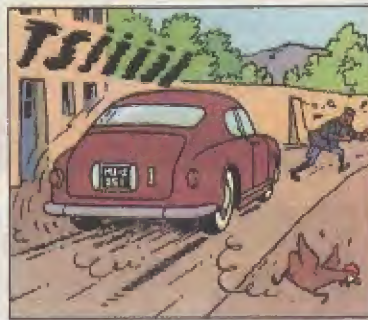
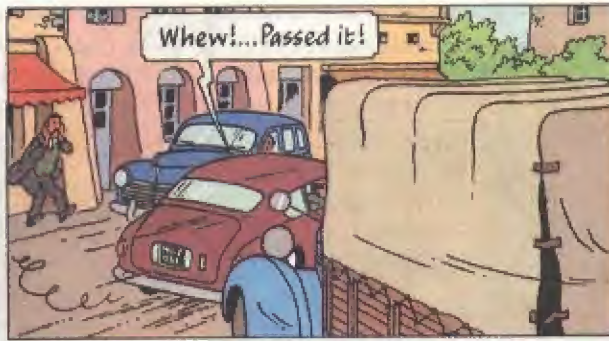
Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Must you drive like a lunatic?



There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.







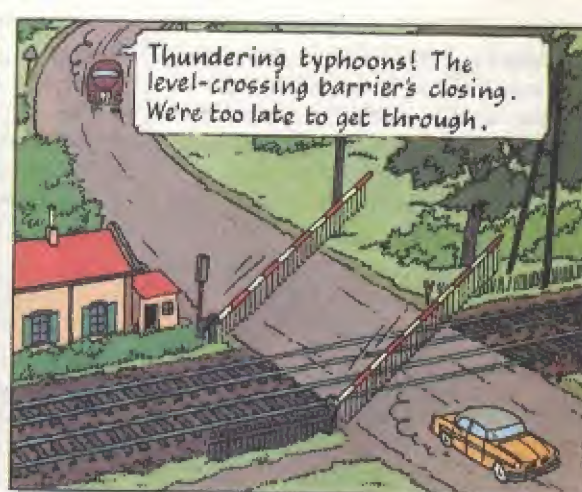




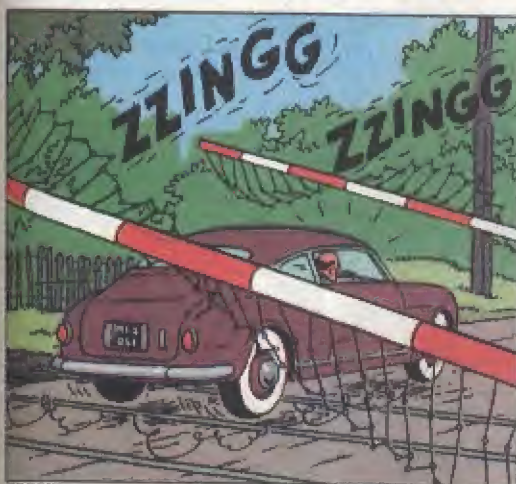
Blistering barnacles, we'll break our necks, I tell you!



There they are again!  
Bene! Bene! We catcha them up!



Thundering typhoons! The level-crossing barrier's closing. We're too late to get through.



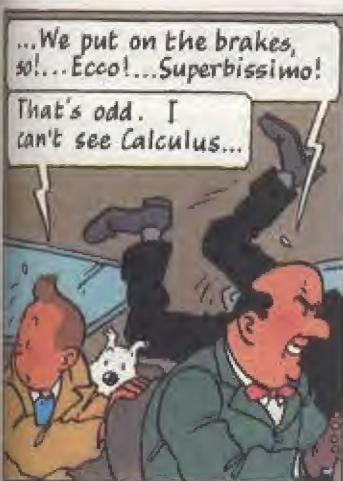
ZZINGG ZZINGG



Whew! Thundering typhoons, if we go on like this I'll have a heart attack!



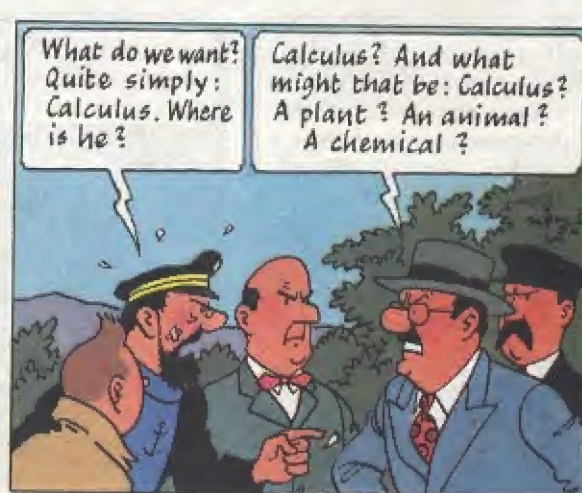
... Now, we give a nice little swerve, so! ...



...We put on the brakes, so!... Ecco!... Superbissimo!  
That's odd. I can't see Calculus...

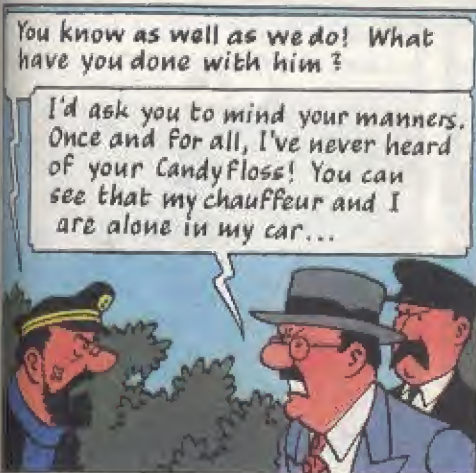


By heaven!! What d'you think you're playing at? What do you want?



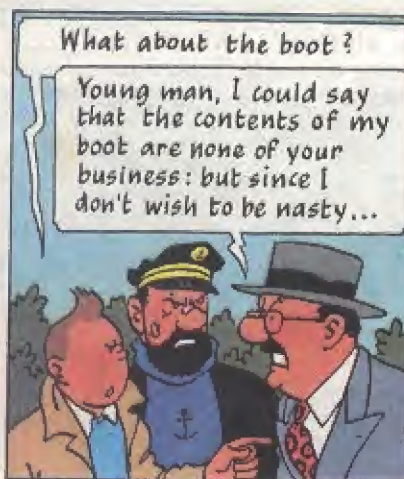
What do we want? Quite simply: Calculus. Where is he?

Calculus? And what might that be: Calculus? A plant? An animal? A chemical?



You know as well as we do! What have you done with him?

I'd ask you to mind your manners. Once and for all, I've never heard of your Candyfloss! You can see that my chauffeur and I are alone in my car...



What about the boot?

Young man, I could say that the contents of my boot are none of your business: but since I don't wish to be nasty...



There! Now where's your Coelacanth? Inside the spare wheel, I suppose.



Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburettor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tella me the big fib, yes? You just wanta to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



**GREAT SNAKES!**

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



**YEOW!**



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why?... What?... Which back seat?



It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees!

The Chrysler!!





There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Boldoff!



Faster! Faster!



What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last! Calculus is ours!







SAVE ME!

Great snakes!  
Poor Captain!



Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!



A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons,  
you were right! The back  
seat is hollow. The pirates!  
That's where they hid  
him!



Listen Captain, we  
mustn't waste time.  
It was a Syldavian  
aircraft: we'll go  
back to Geneva and  
take the first plane  
for Syldavia.

Right!



Next morning in Geneva...

While you buy the tickets  
I'll get some papers. Then  
I'll put a call through  
to Marlinspike ...



Two seats for Klow,  
sir? Certainly. The  
plane leaves from  
Cointtrin in two  
hours' time.

Swissair



BLISTERING BARNACLES!



Incredible!...fantastic!...  
That's upset the apple-cart!



You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks!  
That's the second time you've  
crossed my path. I hope for your  
sakes there won't be a third. You  
two-timing Tartar twisters,  
you!... Understand?...



Just remember,  
I've got my eye on you!





Hello!  
What's  
happened  
to you?

Er... nothing...  
a slight mishap.  
But read this;  
it's incredible.



## BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT

*Bordurian fighters force down  
Syldavian plane*

"VIOLATION  
OF OUR  
AIR-SPACE"

SAYS SZOHÖD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings,

"UNPROVOKED  
TASCHIST  
AGGRESSION"

KLOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against "unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Syldavian passenger

Great snakes! This alters  
everything. I bet that's the  
plane Calculus was in. Now  
he's fallen into Bordurian  
hands again. They never  
give up, do they?



Your  
tickets  
for Klow,  
sir.

We don't need  
them! We're  
going to Szohöd,  
in Borduria.

Yes...er... Can  
we by any chance...



I'm sorry, sir, the flight  
to Szohöd is fully booked.  
The last two seats have  
just been taken. However,  
if you would care to  
wait...



... we may have  
a last-minute  
cancellation.  
In that case  
we can make  
arrangements  
for you.



By the whiskers of  
Kürvi-Tasch! They  
want to go to Szohöd,  
you can bet your life.  
But we took the last  
two seats. I wonder...



You'll wait here? Good.  
I'm just going to see if  
I can get through to  
Marlinspike.

All right.



Yes, Marlinspike 421.  
Thank you, I'll hold  
on.



Hello?... Hello,  
Marlinspike? Hello,  
is that you, Nestor?  
...What?... Who's  
that speaking?...



Cutts the butcher  
speaking...What can  
I do for you?... Hello?

Hello, operator.  
That was the wrong  
number. I asked  
for 421...Yes, 421.



Hello? Hello, is  
that 421? Is that  
you, Nestor? This  
is Captain Haddock.  
I... Who is that  
speaking?... Who?!



Wagg... Jolyon Wagg...  
Proper lark this is, eh?  
You old humbug, you  
didn't half give me a  
laugh with your heli-  
copter chase... What?...  
What am I doing here?



It turned out nice, so I brought  
the wife for a little visit to  
your country seat...Yes... Who?  
...Nestor?... I'll hand you over to  
him; he's got a good joke to  
tell you... Hi, Nestor, it's your boss.



Hello... Ah, Nestor,  
how are you?... Yes  
...No...Perhaps...  
And what's your news  
at Marlinspike?

WHAT?





I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.



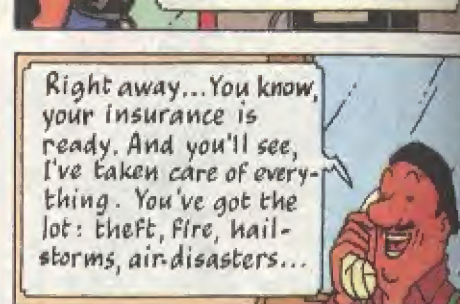
Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...



Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!



Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hail-storms, air-disasters...

Wagg! Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! I... hello! ...hello! ...HELLO!



Now I've been cut off!!...



I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...



And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.



Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...

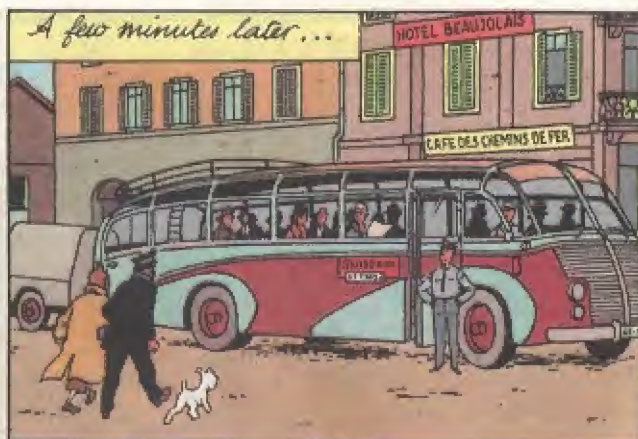


Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohod... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.



A few minutes later...



Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...



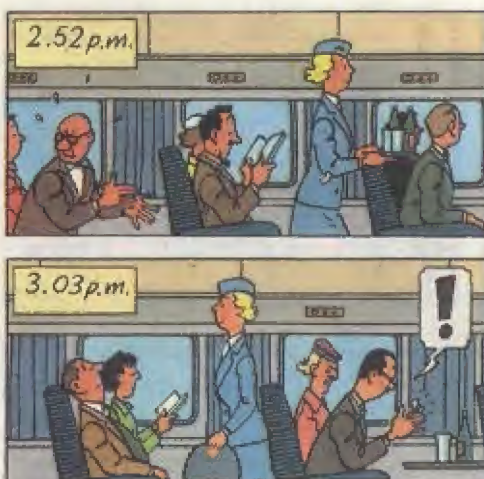
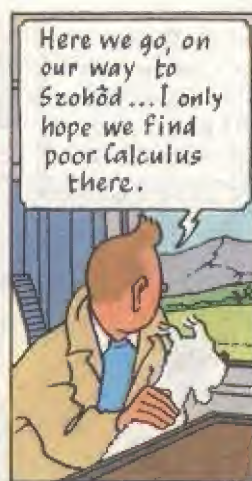
You're the last, sir, We're just off now.













That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



**SZTÖPP!**



You Captain Haddock? And you Tintin?... You come please. My officer want talk with you.



Captain, wait. You've got something...



*A few minutes later...*

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight. ... Amaih!



And you too, Mänhir Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaih!



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.



As I was saying: your safety...Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.

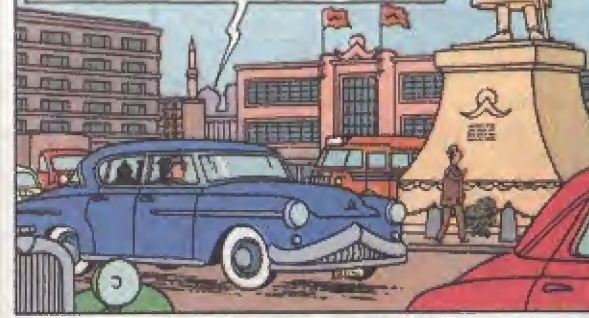


These gentlemen, Krönick and Klümsi, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Sznoör, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaih!



*Ten minutes later, in Szoköd...*

...And this is Kürvi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



**HOTEL ZSNÖRI**



One moment, please. We'll see about your rooms.



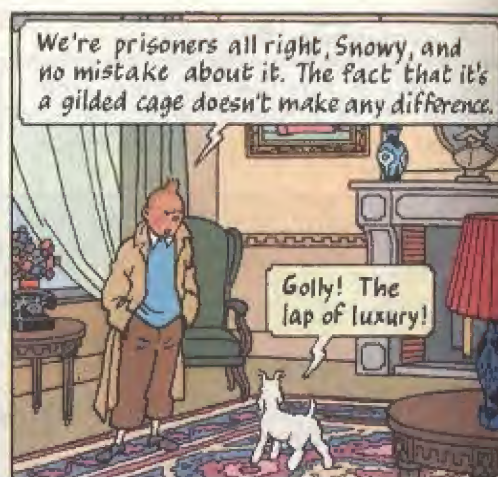
Be careful! Those two ostromoths in Geneva certainly tipped off the police here. We must keep our eyes open.



Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!









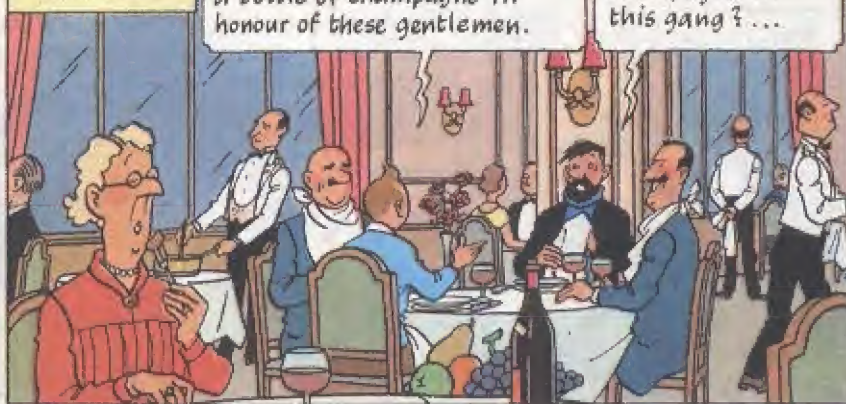
What?... No, blistering barnacles! It's that thundering bit of sticking plaster. It's following me about!



Well, good luck. I'll leave you to sort things out together. But don't forget, we go down to dinner in an hour.



*An hour later...*



Captain, I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen.

Champagne?! Champagne for this gang?...



Oh, poor Captain! It must be your rheumatism. Well, there's nothing like champagne for curing that. Will you call the wine-waiter?



Gentlemen, a toast to Borduria and her glorious ruler, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch!

Amai'h Kürvi-Tasch!

Amai'h Kürvi-Tasch!



OWW!



*An hour later...*

I say, they're having quite a party at table seven. That's their fourth bottle!



Ha! ha! I'm no fool!... You want to make us tight... To find out where... hic... Professor Calculus is... Hic... But you won't learn a thing. We'll shut up like trams... No, like prams... like lambs... no, like clams. ...

Don't let's worry about Calculus. He'll have to shift for himself.



That's right! Hic... Don't let's worry. Anyway... hic... I don't know anything. Honestly... It's Sponsz... hic... the Chief of the "ZEP"... our secret pol... hic... he's the only one who knows... And Calculus...

Good... good. Let's forget silly old Calculus. It's time for bed.



Will you take us right up to our rooms?

Hic...



I... hic... I'll stay in the corridor.

Fine... Good idea!



O.K. Mine's locked in your room.

And mine in yours.



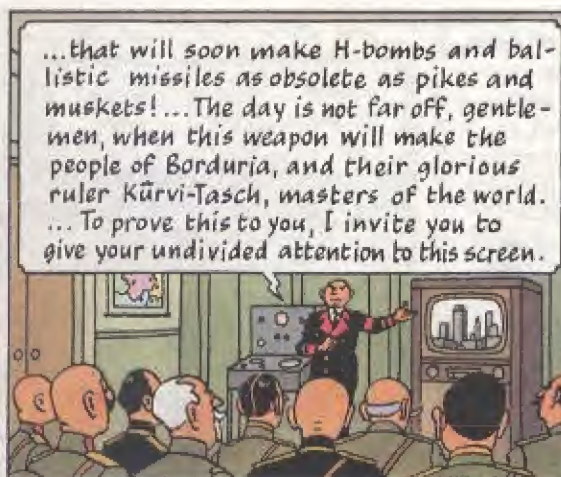
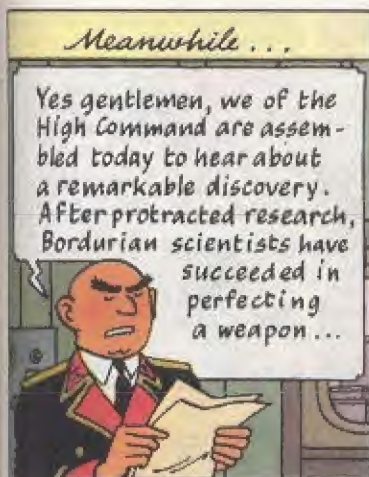
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP



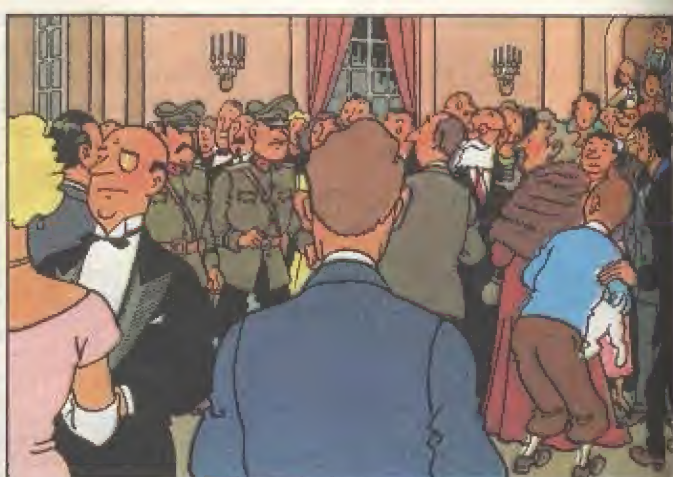
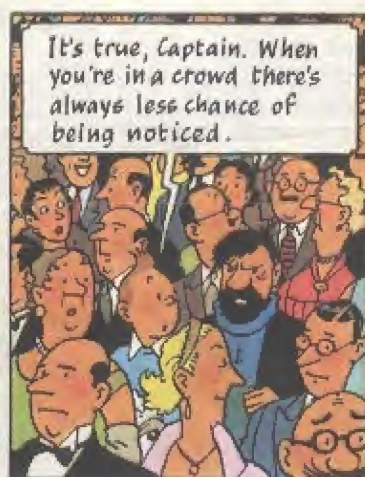
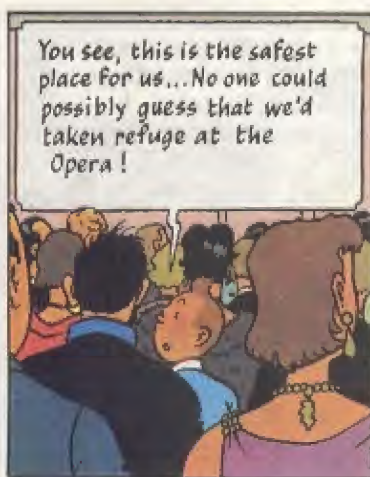
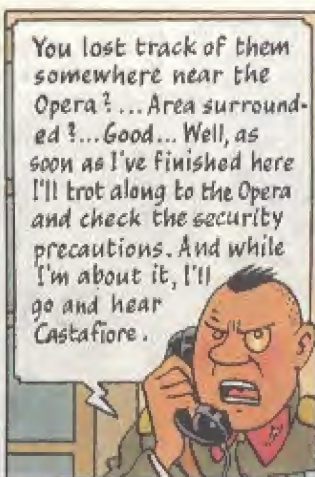
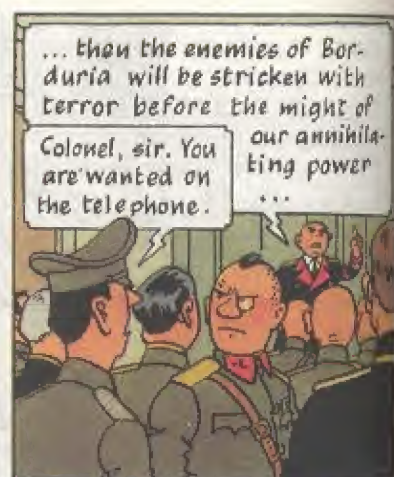
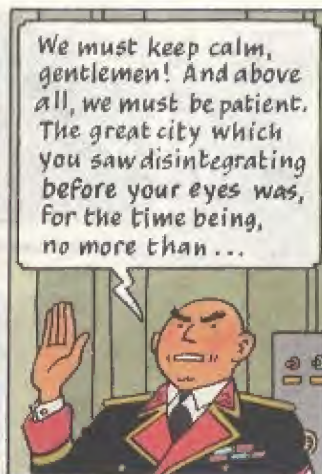










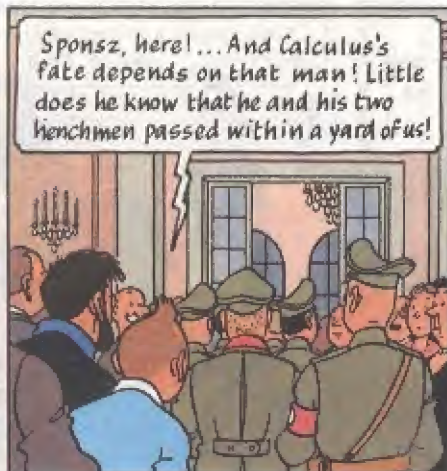






Just look, there's Colonel Sponz, the Chief of Police.

So it is... Colonel Sponz!



Sponsz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!



RRRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.



An hour later...



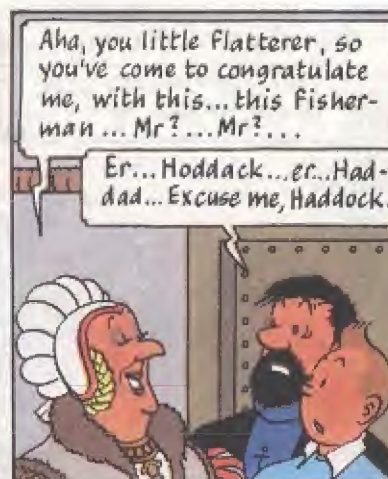
It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.



Why, look who's here! It's Tintin!



Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.



Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this... this fisherman... Mr?... Mr?...

Er... Hoddack... er... Haddad... Excuse me, Haddock.



Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.



You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it?... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Haddock, Madam!



RAT-TAT TAT

Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment!... Oh well... Come in!



Signora, it's Colonel Sponz, the Chief of Police. He wishes to pay his respects to you.

But of course! Show him in, girl...

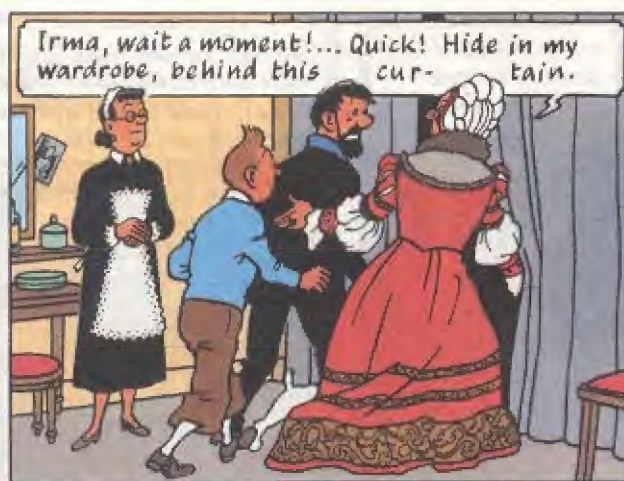
??





Just a minute, Signora!... The Colonel... Listen, I'll explain everything later... but at all costs he mustn't find us here!

Dio!... What shall we do?



Irma, wait a moment!... Quick! Hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain.



There... Show the Colonel in, Irmaa ♪ ...



I am deeply honoured, Ma'am to... to find myself in the presence of the celebrated singer who... er... who...

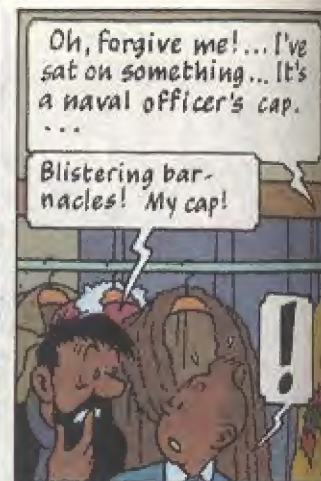
Fie, Colonel! You make me blush!



But do please sit down.

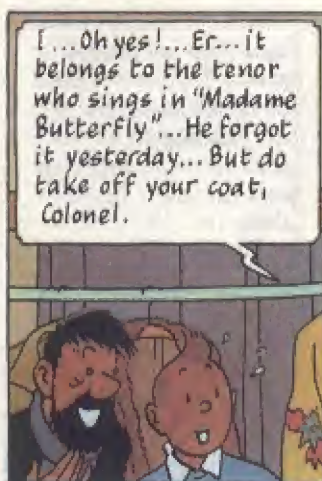


You are too kind...



Oh, forgive me!... I've sat on something... It's a naval officer's cap.

Blistering barnacles! My cap!

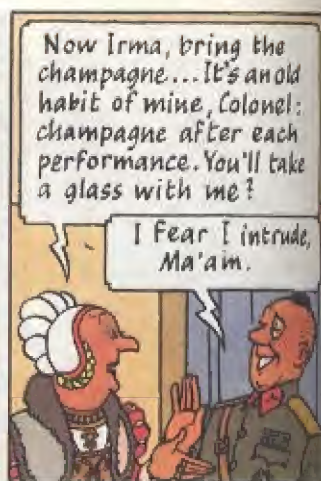


[... Oh yes!... Er... it belongs to the tenor who sings in "Madame Butterfly"... He forgot it yesterday... But do take off your coat, Colonel.



With pleasure, Ma'am.

Take the Colonel's coat, please, Irmaa ♪ ...



Now Irma, bring the champagne... It's an old habit of mine, Colonel: champagne after each performance. You'll take a glass with me?

I fear I intrude, Ma'am.



Not at all, not at all. Come, Colonel, make yourself useful... You may open the bottle.

But of course, Ma'am. Your wish is my command.



RAT TAT TAT

Come in.



Oh! Excuse me, Colonel... I... We were ordered to search the Opera House from top to bottom... For those two foreigners...

Is that so?



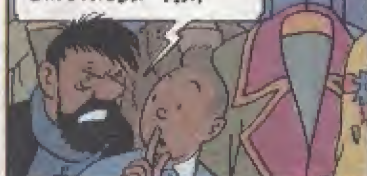
I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwits! Go on, get out! About turn, before I explode!



Please excuse those num-skulls, Ma'am. They're hunting for two spies...

Oh, do tell me about them, Colonel, I adore spy-stories!... Your health, Colonel.

Spies! Us! Barefaced liar



Your health, Ma'am... Well, it's this way: our secret service have managed to... to "invite" to Borduria a foreign professor, originator of a sensational discovery. It concerns a secret weapon. Once this has been perfected, it will give us world supremacy.

Oh, but that's simply wonderful!



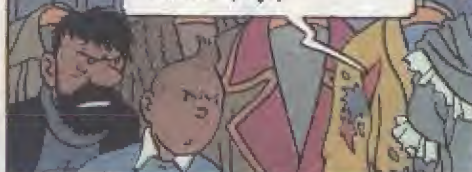
Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refuses to give us his detail drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!

These Professors! Always wanting the moon!



Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!

Oh, I'm sure he will in the end.



I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plans, or he'll never be heard of again.

And supposing he does give up his plans, Colonel. What happens when he gets home, and tells all?



Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plans... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.

How clever of you, Colonel!... Brilliant!

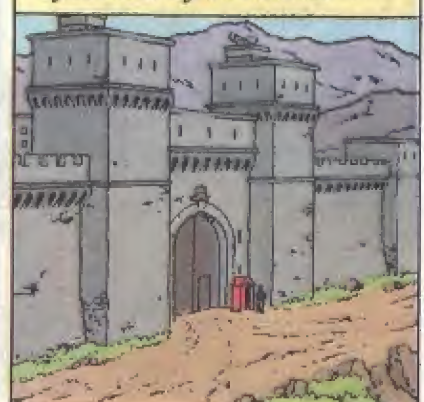


Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossiping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.

But of course... Irmaa... The Colonel's coat please, and mine.



*Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...*



I see. Colonel Sponsz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...



... Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me?...

But... but of course!

D-d-do!



Hello, ZEP?... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kardouk. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponsz?





Hello?... What?... Oh, he's not in yet... Who is that?... His secretary?... In that case, perhaps you can help me...



Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right, Major, I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major, that's quite all right too; the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes. Amaï'h!



Well, gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order. I'll send for Professor Calculus.



*A moment later...*

Ah! the joy... ♪ popom-pom... ♪ pompity pom... pom ♪

Here comes the chief. He sounds in good form this morning.



Amaï'h! Kavitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them.



That's tiresome... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide... Nothing else, besides that?

Nothing at all, sir.



Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?



He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official.

By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?



Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...



You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

Why... yes, Colonel...



The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!



RRRING

Hello!... Yes, it's me... Amaï'h! Colo... What?... Professor Calcu... But sir, I...



WHAT?... Their car's just gone? By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot!







Yes, it's me, Haddock! ... And there's Tintin, driving us to safety.



I'll tell you the whole story. The biggest joke is that Colonel Sponsz himself provided the means of your escape! ... Magnificent, eh? And luckily it all happened at the Opera House; it only took a jiffy to find all we needed for disguises! Quite something, eh?

And my umbrella?



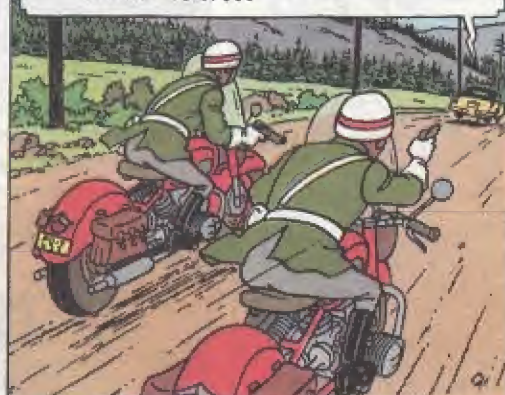
Yes, but don't start counting your chickens... [It's two hours by car to the frontier, and if our little bluff is discovered before we're across...]



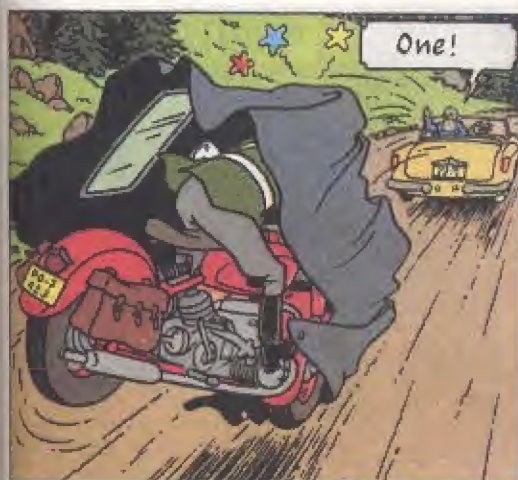
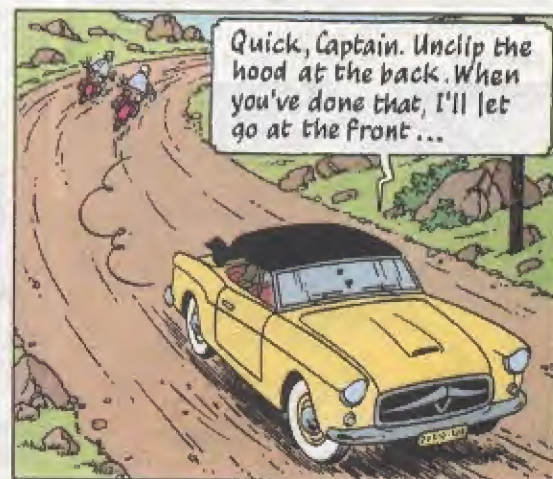
What did I tell you? Motor bikes!



They've raised the alarm! That's bad...



Quick, Captain. Unclip the hood at the back. When you've done that, I'll let go at the front...



One!



Two! They're both down in the daisies!

Now, Captain; we were talking about my umbrella...

Saved for the moment; but I've a feeling that was only the first round...



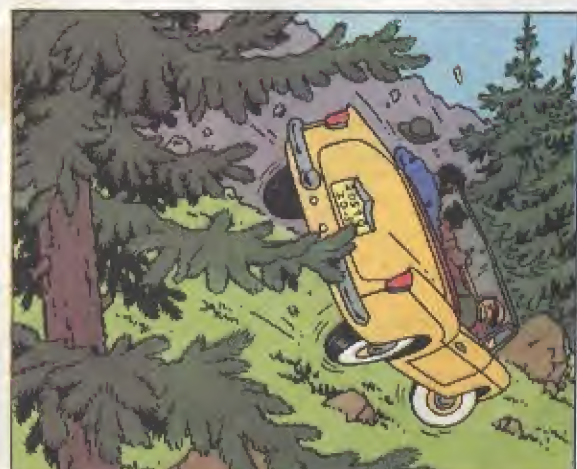
OH! ... How right I was! ... Look there, a tank blocking the road! ... Jam on the brakes!



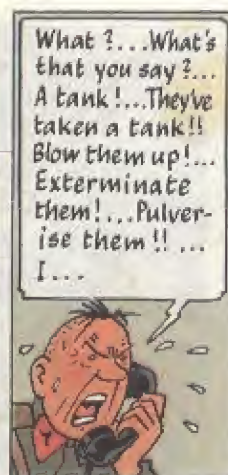
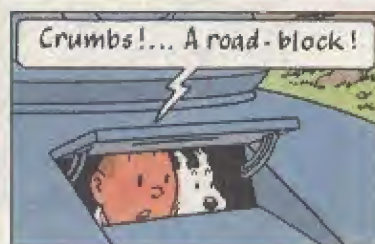
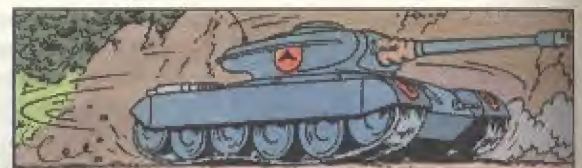
We're skidding!



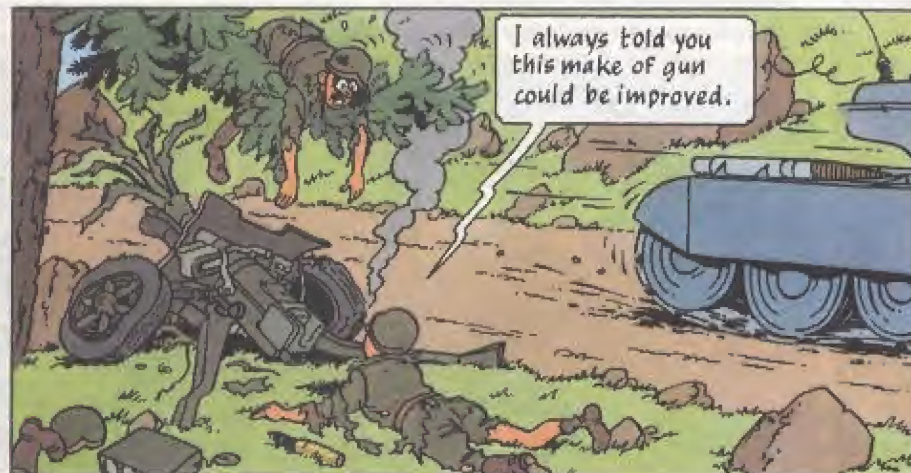
HELP! ... HELP!











I always told you this make of gun could be improved.



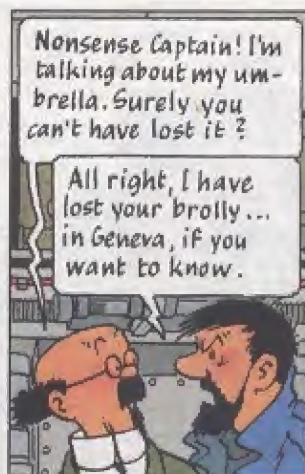
Hooray! He's coming round at last. Cuthbert! Cuthbert! It's me, old fellow... We're safe...

Ooh!



My umbrella! Have you got my umbrella?

Blistering barnacles, your umbrella! This is a fine time to worry about an umbrella!



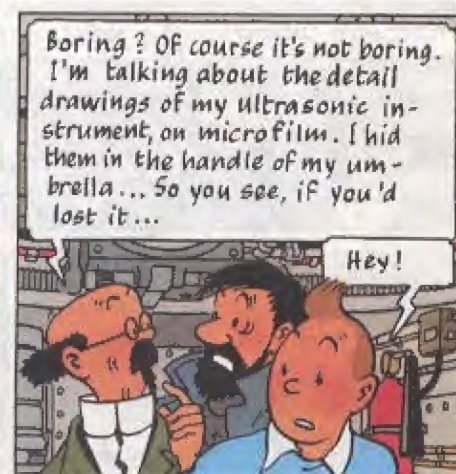
Nonsense Captain! I'm talking about my umbrella. Surely you can't have lost it?

All right, I have lost your broolly... in Geneva, if you want to know.



That's good. I was hoping you hadn't lost it... You see, I hid my drawing...

Drawing?...



Boring? Of course it's not boring. I'm talking about the detail drawings of my ultrasonic instrument, on microfilm. I hid them in the handle of my umbrella... So you see, if you'd lost it...

Hey!



I... What are all those things in the road?

**MINES!**



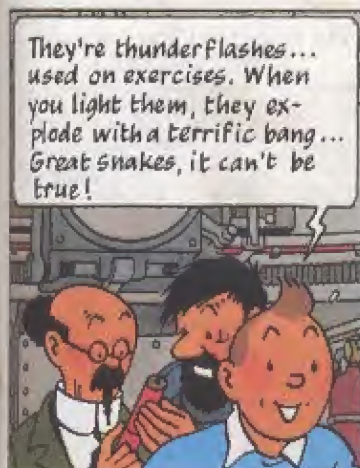
Too late! We can't stop in time! We'll blow up! HELP!... HELP!... HELP!...



By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! Who unloaded all that dud stuff on me? ... It's sabotage!



Mines? ... What are you jabbering about? We would have blown up. And talking of blowing up, I hope these things aren't dangerous. There's a case under my seat... Those?



They're thunderflashes... used on exercises. When you light them, they explode with a terrific bang... Great snakes, it can't be true!

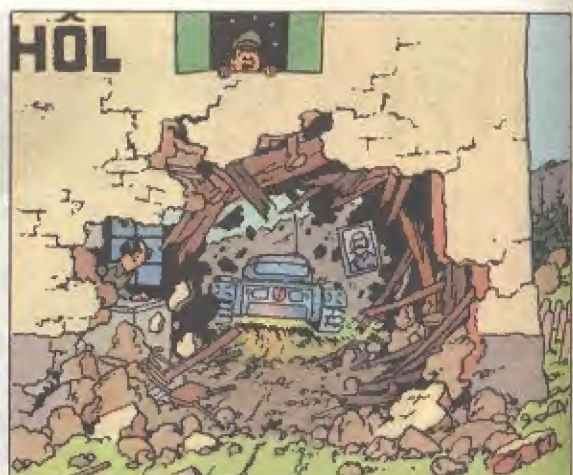


The frontier! We're coming to the frontier!

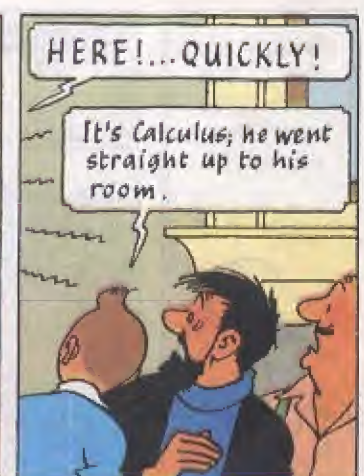


Crumbs!... We're cornered this time!















FROM  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**TINTIN**

# THE CALCULUS AFFAIR

